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THE FIRST WHITE WOMEN TO CROSS THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

THE DIARY KEPT BY ONE OF THEM.

IN response to a call for missionary teachers made by some Indians of the northwest, Dr. Marcus Whitman and his bride were, in 1836, sent to Oregon by the American Board. They made the journey overland, accompanied by Rev. H. H. Spaulding and his young wife and Mr. W. H. Gray. Others had gone to Oregon by way of the ocean, but these brides were the first white women to cross the Rocky Mountains. It was in all a wedding tour of thirty-five hundred miles, mostly on horseback. They started from Central New York State in March, and passed through the young cities of Pittsburg, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and Council Bluffs, where they left the Missouri River in May. It was thought that Mrs. Spaulding was too delicate to continue, but the young woman said to her husband: "I have started for the Rocky Mountains, and expect to go there." They were over four months on their difficult journey, by way of the North Platte and Snake River trail from the

Missouri to the Columbia. On entering the Rocky Mountains it was customary to abandon the wagons. Against many protests and with great difficulty Dr. Whitman took a wagon over the remainder of the trail. The Hudson's Bay Company had declared that it could not be done, and consequently colonization was impracticable, and Oregon would be of small value to the United States. The taking over of the wagon was really a most important event, for it demonstrated beyond a doubt the possibility of the settlement of that country from the States. In June they crossed over the Continental Divide through the South Pass in what is now Wyoming Territory, and as they turned to follow the streams which flowed into the Pacific, with the Bible they knelt down under the Stars and Stripes, and in the name of their Divine Master formally took possession for Him of that far west which slopes to the Great Sea.

In the month of July they arrived

at the Rendezvous, on the Green River, in the western part of Wyoming. Here they found a trading post or Indian fair. A hundred American traders and trappers, and fifty French Canadians, and twelve or thirteen hundred savage Indians from the mountains and plains were gathered for traffic and debauchery. After a rest of a few days in this noisy rendezvous, on July 18th, in company with a trading party and some Flathead Indians, they pursued their journey over the mountains.

Through the kindness of a relative of the family, there lies before me a diary kept by Mrs. Narcissa Prentiss Whitman on that long and perilous ride. The whole of it is interesting, but only brief quotations from it can be made. Thus she speaks of the journey from Rendezvous: "July 18th, 1836, we came ten miles in a southwestern direction. On the 19th we did not move at all. The 20th we came twelve miles over many steep and high mountains. The 22d was a tedious day to us; we started about nine o'clock and rode until half-past four in the afternoon, coming twenty-one miles. I thought of mother's bread and butter many times, as any hungry child would." She speaks tenderly of home, and also of "a calm and peaceful state of mind," and of communion with the Great Father among his everlasting hills.

July 25th: "Came fifteen miles and encamped on a branch of Bear

River, which empties into Salt Lake. Very mountainous. The paths wind on the side of steep mountains. In some places the path is so narrow as scarcely to afford room for the animal to place his foot. One after another we passed with cautious steps. Husband had a tedious time with the wagon to-day. Got set in the creek this morning while crossing, and he was obliged to wade considerably in getting it out. After that, in going between two mountains, on the side of one so steep that it was difficult for the horses to pass, the wagon was upset twice. It was a great wonder that it was not turning a somersault continually. All the more difficult part of the way he has walked in his laborious attempt to take the wagon over." Next day he was laid up with rheumatism, and the camp near being destroyed by fire, which some of the Indians had started in a clump of willows.

July 27th: "We are still in a dangerous country, but our company is large enough for safety." After speaking of home, she says: "Do not think I regret coming; no, far from it. I would not go back for the world. I am contented and happy, notwithstanding I get very hungry and weary. There are six weeks' steady journey before us. Will the Lord give me patience to endure it! I pity the poor Indian women who are continually traveling in this manner during their lives, and know no other comfort. They do all the work,

such as getting the wood, preparing food, pitching their lodges, packing and driving the animals; they are the complete slaves of their husbands."

July 28th: "Very mountainous all the way. Rode from eight o'clock till two in the afternoon. We thought yesterday the Indians would all leave us, but they have not, as they fear the Black Feet tribe, who are their enemies." Like some other women who think their husbands engaged in a foolish enterprise, she speaks as follows of the jolting wagon, which the Indians called from its sound, chick-chick-shani le-kai-kash: "One of the axletrees of the wagon broke to-day. Was a little rejoiced, for we were in hopes they would leave it, and have no more trouble with it. Our rejoicing was in vain, however, for they are making a cart of the hind wheels this afternoon, and lashing the forward wheels to it, intending to take it through in some shape or other. They are so resolute and untiring in their efforts they will probably succeed."

July 29th: "Had a tedious ride to-day. Mr. Gray was quite sick this morning, and inclined to fall behind. Soon he gave out entirely, and an Indian helped him on his horse, got on behind him, and supported him in his arms, and in this manner rode slowly into camp. Some of us rode seven or eight hours without any nourishment." On the 31st they visited some soda springs.

August 2d: "Had an unusually long ride to-day. The heat was excessive." The 3d: "Came to Fort Hall (in Southern Idaho). Was much cheered by the distant view of the fort. Anything that looks like a house makes you glad. The buildings of the fort are made of hewed logs and mud bricks. Our dinner consisted of dry buffalo meat, turnips and fried bread, which was a luxury. Mountain bread is simply coarse flour and water mixed and roasted, or fried in buffalo grease. To one who has had nothing but meat for a long time this relishes very well. This is our first sight of Snake River, the course of which we shall follow on its southern side for many days." The 4th: "We left Fort Hall and traveled ten miles. We came through several swamps, and all the last part of the way we were so swarmed with mosquitoes as to be scarcely able to see." At noon on the 5th they passed the American Falls on the Snake River. We see the strange caravan of traders, missionaries and Indians, with its wagon, pack-saddles and ponies, moving slowly along the lonely and rugged pathway where now the traveler by the Oregon Short Line may ride in an elegant parlor car in half an hour as far as they were able to go in a weary day's journey.

Continuing the march on the south side of the Snake River she writes: "Aug. 6th: Route very bad and difficult to-day, especially in the forenoon. We crossed a small stream

full of falls, a short distance above where it empties into the Snake River. The only path where we could cross was just on the edge of the rocks above one of the falls. While the pack animals, both ours and the company's, were crossing, there was such a rush as to crowd two of our horses over the falls. They were both loaded with dry meat. It was with great difficulty that they were gotten out. One of them was in nearly an hour, much to his injury." The 7th: "Came fifteen miles without seeing water, over a dry, parched earth, covered with its native sage, as parched as the earth itself. The heat was excessive." Thursday, the 11th: "Tuesday and Wednesday have been very tedious days both for man and beast. Lengthy marches without water. Not so tedious to-day for length, but the route has been very rocky and sandy." The 12th, Friday: "Raised camp this morning at sunrise. Came two hours' ride to the salmon fishery. Found a few lodges of Digger Indians of the Snake Tribe, who have just commenced fishing. Obtained some of the fish, which we boiled for our breakfast, and found good eating. The salmon never go higher than these falls, but come here every season."

August 13th: They encamped in the afternoon on the Snake River, below the Fishing or Salmon Falls, and prepared to ford the stream here broken into three channels. "The packs were placed on top of

the highest horses, and in this way crossed without wetting. Two of the tallest horses were selected to carry Mrs. Spaulding and myself over. The last branch we rode as much as half a mile in crossing, and against the current, which made it hard for the horses, the water being up to their sides. Husband had considerable difficulty in crossing with the cart. Both the cart and the mules were capsized in the water, and the mules were entangled in the harness. They would have drowned but for a desperate struggle to get them ashore. Then after putting two of the strongest horses before the cart and two men swimming behind to steady it, they succeeded in getting it over. I once thought that crossing difficult streams would be the most dreadful part of the journey. I can now cross the most difficult stream without the least fear. There is one manner of crossing which husband has tried, but I have not, neither do I wish to. Take an elk skin and stretch it over you, spreading yourself out as much as possible. Then let the Indian women carefully put you on the water, and with a cord in the mouth they will swim and drag you over." On the 15th they passed Hot Springs, in which they boiled salmon. Thus they plodded on in this strange, lonely, desolate land. Sometimes they camped among the sagebrush on the burning sandy plain, sometimes under the shade of trees by a clear stream. In places they found wild

berries, and the hunters brought in game, which varied a little their diet of dried meat. The majestic mountains, the wonderful volcanic formations, the hot springs, the falls and cascades relieved a little the tediousness of the long, weary journey. Though at times weak, sick and worn out, they do not think of turning back, but again and again express their confidence in God, and hope for their future work, and seem to themselves to be led on by the "pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night."

On the 19th of August they arrived at Snake Fort, now Old Fort Boise, near where the Big Wood or Boise River empties into the Snake. Here they rested over Sunday. "August 21st, Sabbath. Rich with heavenly blessing has this day of rest been to my soul." They left the wagon for a short time here at Snake Fort. Concerning it she writes: "Our animals were failing, and the route in crossing the Blue Mountains is said to be impassable for it;" but it was soon afterwards taken over to the Columbia. On the 22d they started from the fort for Walla Walla, and again forded the Snake River to its southern bank. This time the two ladies were put on a small Indian raft or canoe, made of interwoven rushes or willows. Then two Indians on horseback towed them to the other shore. On the 26th she says they "encamped at the Lone Tree, in a beautiful valley in the region of Powder River."

Then their way lay through the fertile plains and among the wooded encircling mountains of Grande Ronde. These Blue Mountains they crossed, and she writes of their journey on August 29th: "Rode over many logs, obstructions which we have not found in our way since we left the States. I frequently met old acquaintances in the trees and flowers, and was not a little delighted. Indeed, I do not know as I was ever in my life so much affected by any scenery. The singing of birds, the echo of the voices of my fellow-travelers as they were scattered through the woods—all had a strong resemblance to bygone days. But this scene was of short duration—only one day. Before noon we began to descend one of the most terrible mountains for steepness and length I have yet seen. It was like winding stairs in its descent, and in some places almost perpendicular. The horses appeared to dread the hill as much as we did. We had no sooner gained the foot of this mountain when another more steep and dreadful was before us. Our ride this afternoon exceeded everything we have yet had. As we gained the highest elevation we had a view of the Columbia River and the two distant mountains—Mount Hood and Mount St. Helens. Behind the former the sun was hiding a part of his rays, which gave us a more distinct view of this gigantic cone. The beauty of this extensive valley contrasts well with the rolling mountains behind us,

and at the hour of twilight was enchanting, and quite diverted my mind from my fatigue."

On the 31st of August, after a day's ride over a sandy, dry trail, they encamped on the Walla River, eight miles from the fort. "Sept. 1st, 1836. You can better imagine our feelings than I can describe them. I could not realize that the end of our long journey was so near." They soon arrived at Walla Walla. She speaks of the cushioned arm-chair and of the crowing of a rooster, and of the doorway filled with turkeys and chickens. "You may think me simple for speaking of such small things, but no one knows the feelings occasioned by seeing the once-familiar objects." On Sunday, Sept. 4th, they held a service of thanksgiving for the safe arrival of all the party, and of consecration to their future work.

On the afternoon of Sept. 6th they left Walla Walla for a journey of three hundred miles in an open boat down the Columbia to Vancouver. At first they sailed down the majestic river between denuded walls of rock, rugged bluffs and plains of sand. On the 8th they made the portage and arrived at the Dalles. They were tortured by fleas, and their feelings were disturbed by the Indian mothers who, by a cruel process, were making their babes flat-headed. On the 11th the portage of the Cascades was passed, and they glided down the river in the midst of the Cascade Mountain Range, with its great for-

ests, beautiful falls, and towering heights. On the 12th of September they arrived at Vancouver, then a Hudson's Bay post, but now a quiet United States military station, a hundred miles from the mouth of the Columbia. This was the end of their journey from the mountain rendezvous in Wyoming, which they had left on the 18th of July. The whole trip from the State of New York, which they began in March, had cost for each of them six hundred dollars.

Off Vancouver a ship direct from London was anchored. In the trading post the French language was spoken by the French-Canadian servants. The men in charge were Scotch and English, some of whom had native wives, who received and treated kindly their white sisters. While the men were seeking a place for a mission station the ladies enjoyed the hospitality of the trading post. They visited the great farm, the herds of cattle and sheep, the storehouses filled with goods for the Indians. Riding, teaching and writing, they enjoyed a deserved and quiet rest.

On Nov. 1st, 1836, she writes in a letter home from Vancouver: "This is the last opportunity I shall have of writing you until next spring. We shall intend writing by the Montreal express which leaves here in March. Possibly you may hear from us by that route before you get this. We send this on the steamship Columbia. I expect we shall be two weeks in go-

ing to Walla Walla." It was near this place at Waiilatpu that they located their mission station and began their laborious work.

After six years Dr. Whitman returned to the States, to inform the authorities at Washington of the extent, climate, and value of this Pacific northwest, which was in danger of being lost to the United States. He started in October on this heroic ride of four thousand miles. In the late autumn and winter he crossed ranges of mountains, the desolate plains and vast prairies inhabited only by wild beasts and savage Indians. Three thousand miles of the way lay over rocky summits, through mountain gorges, across swollen rivers, and over trackless plains of snow, sleet, and ice. After three months of perilous journeying he arrived at St. Louis, and pushed onward to Washington.

Of his appearance at the capital city Mr. Smalley has said: "An awkward, tall, spare-visaged, weather-beaten man, dressed in a blanket coat and buckskin trousers, which showed by many scorched spots that the

wearer had been compelled to lie down close by camp fires to keep himself from freezing to death, walked into the State Department at Washington. His hands and ears were frost-bitten, and he had escaped death by what seemed to his pious mind a special interposition of Providence."

On this visit to the east enthusiasm for colonization was aroused, and the public became informed in regard to the mild climate and rich valleys, and the value of extending our northern border to the bays and fine harbors of the Pacific. From the time Dr. Whitman mounted his horse on that October day and started into the wintry mountains, no tidings of him were received at his home till he rode up to his cabin door on the 4th of the following September. Then in 1843 he had again entered Oregon, but this time at the head of a line of two hundred wagons and over eight hundred settlers from the United States, practically deciding the question of the possession of the fair valleys, the mighty rivers, the gigantic pine forests, and the snowy mountains of our Pacific Northwest.

HARRIS REED COOLEY.

KENTUCKY—EARLY HISTORY.

KENTUCKY EARLY-TIME UNITED STATES SENATORS, WITH THEIR TIME OF SERVICE.

II.

COL. JOHN EDWARDS served from 1792 to 1795.

Col. John Brown served from 1793 to 1805.

Col. Humphrey Marshall served from 1795 to 1801.

Col. John Breckenridge served from 1801 to 1805.

Gen. John Adair served from 1805 to 1806.

Judge Buckner Thruston served from 1805 to 1809.

Hon. Henry Clay served from 1806 to 1807.

Hon. Henry Clay again served from 1809 to 1811.

Hon. Henry Clay again served from 1831 to 1842.

Hon. Henry Clay was again elected to serve from 1849 to 1855.

Col. John Pope served from 1807 to 1813.

Judge George M. Bibb served from 1811 to 1814.

Major William T. Barry served from 1814 to 1816.

Major Martin D. Hardin served from 1816 to 1817.

Major John J. Crittenden served from 1817 to 1819, and later.

Col. William Logan served in 1819 and 1820.

Col. Richard M. Johnson served from 1819 to 1829.

Judge John Rowan served from 1825 to 1831.

Gen. Thomas Metcalf served from 1848, and later.

Major John J. Crittenden, second term, 1835 to 1841.

Col. John Edwards was one of the two first United States Senators of Kentucky. He was elected in 1792, being the first one that was elected immediately after the State was organized, and served until 1795. He was a Virginian by birth, served as a soldier in the Revolutionary War, also as a regimental officer; emigrated at an early day to Kentucky, settled in Fayette county, represented that county in the State Legislature in 1781, 1782, 1783 and 1785, was, in the latter year, one of the commissioners that located the seat of government at Frankfort; was a member of the conventions held this year in Kentucky; also of the convention called by Virginia in 1788 to ratify the Constitution of the United

States, where he was associated with John Marshall, Patrick Henry, Edmund Randolph, and many of the other prominent statesmen of the "Ancient Dominion" of that period.

Hon. Humphrey Marshall was Col. John Edwards' colleague in the Virginia Constitutional Convention, and the latter held a seat in the United States Senate with Col. John Brown as his colleague from the State of Kentucky.

Col. John Brown, the second United States Senator elected by Kentucky, like the first, was a native of Virginia, born at Staunton, Augusta county, September 12th, 1757. At the commencement of the Revolutionary War was a student at Princeton College, New Jersey. He, without delay, joined the army of Gen. Washington, and after subsequently serving under Gen. Lafayette, he completed his education at William and Mary College, and after spending several years as a teacher and a law student, he removed to Kentucky in 1782, and engaged in Indian warfare, and soon thereafter settled at Frankfort as a lawyer; was pre-eminently successful as such; was soon elected a member of the State Legislature; also to the Continental Congress in 1787-88, and to the Federal Congress in 1789, 1790, and 1791. He was also elected a United States Senator in 1793 for a full term of six years, and re-elected for another full term in 1799, his second term expiring in 1805, making twelve years of service in all in that

body. Col. Brown was the first member of the popular branch of Congress from the Mississippi Valley, and was popular, talented, and eminently patriotic and influential. He died at Frankfort, Kentucky, August 28th, 1837, aged eighty years.

Col. Humphrey Marshall was the third United States Senator elected by the Kentucky Legislature in 1795 for a full term of six years, serving with distinguished ability and to the acceptance of his constituency until 1801. Like his predecessors, he was a Virginian, and an early immigrant to Kentucky, having located in that State in 1780. He was the colleague of Col. John Brown during the entire time of his own term of six years. Col. Marshall also served as a member of the convention of Virginia, called in 1788 to consider the question of the ratification of the Constitution of the United States, where he had his distinguished relative, John Marshall, and many other eminent statesmen and "military chieftains," for his colleagues. He served many years in the State Legislature, was the author of a history of Kentucky, published in 1812, and re-published in enlarged form in 1824.

An embittered controversy grew up between two of Kentucky's ex-United States Senators in 1808 that led to a duel between Henry Clay and Humphrey Marshall, but although a meeting was had, no blood was shed. Col. Humphrey Marshall died at Lexington, Kentucky, July 1,

1841, aged about eighty years.

Hon. John Breckenridge, who, like his predecessors, was also a Virginian, was Kentucky's fourth United States Senator, and the immediate successor of Col. Humphrey Marshall. He was born in 1760, was the author and zealous advocate of the celebrated Virginia Resolutions of 1798-99, adopted by the Legislature of that State. On emigrating to Kentucky he was soon thereafter elected a member of the United States Senate for a full term, beginning in 1801 and ending in 1807, but accepted of the office of Attorney-General of the United States in January, 1805, which had been tendered to him by President Jefferson, and thereupon he resigned his seat in the United States Senate, and early in 1805 went into the Cabinet as Attorney-General. And Gen. John Adair was appointed to fill the vacancy created by the retirement of Senator Breckenridge, and served in 1805-6, when he resigned, and Henry Clay served in 1806-7, to the end of the unexpired term of the United States Senatorship of John Breckenridge, whose death occurred at Lexington, Kentucky, December 17, 1806, at the early age of forty-six years.

Senator John Breckenridge was a very able man, distinguished in the Senate, in the cabinet, and as a statesman, as an orator, and a lawyer. His speeches were published in book form.

Gen. John Adair, as I have stated, served during a portion of Hon. John

Breckenridge's unexpired term in 1805-6. A sketch of him and his public services, with remarks upon his general character, were given of him as Governor of Kentucky in a preceding paper, and need not be repeated here.

Henry Clay, as heretofore remarked, occupied the seat in the United States Senate, in 1806-7, vacated by Gen. John Adair, and this was that distinguished statesman's (Clay's) first service in that body. Neither of the two last-named Senators (Adair nor Clay) served in filling out the unexpired term of Hon. John Breckenridge much more than a single year, and the two combined served only a little more than two years, the term of Senator Breckenridge ending March 4th, 1807. He died as the United States Attorney-General, but it will be observed that he died before his term in the United States Senate expired, his death having occurred December 17th, 1806, aged forty years, while yet "in the noon of life." Although still in the Attorney-General's office at his decease, he died at his home in Lexington, Kentucky.

Judge Buckner Thruston was elected a member of the United States Senate by the Kentucky Legislature in 1805, for a full term of six years, but in 1809, on being appointed by President Madison Judge of the United States Circuit Court of the District of Columbia, he resigned his seat in the United States Senate and

accepted the judgeship. Judge Thruston was born in Virginia in 1763, emigrated to Kentucky in early life, and being possessed of superior talents, and having been highly educated as a lawyer, he soon entered into a successful professional career, and also largely into the public service. In 1805, and before he was elected a United States Senator, he had been appointed a territorial judge in the territory of Orleans, which he declined, preferring the United States Senatorship. Judge Thruston had the instincts and proclivities of a statesman and a jurist, and ran a highly honorable and brilliant career. He remained on the bench until his death, which occurred in Washington city, August 30th, 1845, in the full maturity of intellectual strength and vigor, aged eighty-two years.

Hon. Henry Clay entered the United States Senate the second time, serving from 1809 to 1811, filling the vacancy, this time, of Buckner Thruston, having meanwhile, in 1808, served as a member of the Kentucky Legislature, and also as speaker of that body.

In 1811 Mr. Clay was elected a member of the popular branch of Congress, also speaker of that body, and was five times re-elected as member and speaker both. During Mr. Clay's long and brilliant career in the lower house of Congress he employed his great powers as a popular orator in arousing the country to re-

sist the aggressions of Great Britain, and awakening a national, patriotic, American spirit. The war policy had no truer, more determined, outspoken, more zealous, patriotic friend than was Kentucky's eloquent orator. None of the numerous conspicuous advocates of war measures, whose eloquent voices were not seldom heard during the sessions of the celebrated War Congress, were more eloquent or potential than those heard in reverberations down the halls of Congress when Kentucky's matchless orator "had the floor." Many a time and oft it was said that no more eloquent notes resounded through Congress hall than when Clay of Kentucky, while in his prime, was heard on that arena in a well matured speech, advocating war with England as the theme.

And with equal ability and eloquence did Mr. Clay discuss many other important questions. Among these was a sort of double system of internal improvements and domestic manufactures. Of these measures he was the reputed father and ablest advocate. He also championed, with great ability, his well-known policy of "domestic manufactures," including the "protective policy," of which he was probably the ablest advocate that our country has produced.

Mr. Clay's eloquent voice was also often heard, while a member of the American Congress, in favor of a system of dealing with the public land question in a manner peculiarly his

own. His views were sanctioned several times by Congress, but were as often overslaughed by the Presidential veto. But Congress and President at length concurred.

Mr. Clay was the brilliant advocate in Congress of the celebrated measure which passed Congress in 1820, known as the famous "Missouri Compromise," which was a slavery restrictive measure that provided that slavery should not be carried west of Missouri, along a line north of thirty-six degrees, thirty minutes. Adopting that measure greatly excited the country in 1820, and the repeal of it in 1854, under the leadership of Stephen A. Douglas, of Illinois, did so too.

Hon. Henry Clay also employed his great talents in advocating the independence of the South American Republics in 1818, while a member of the popular branch of Congress; and none were more eloquent than he in 1824, in discussing the independence of Greece in Congress Hall with such champions of popular liberty as Daniel Webster, and others no less zealous and eloquent friends of Grecian independence.

Senator Clay spent most of the time in the United States Senate between 1830 and 1842, very ably and busily championing his tariff compromise views, this being the period of American history when the nullifiers of South Carolina and Eastern Virginia had their day for mischief, and when President Jackson laid his

heavy hand upon the treasonable ringleaders and subdued them.

Mr. Clay was a commissioner to Ghent to negotiate a treaty of peace in 1814-15. He was a United States Senator finally from 1849 to his death, taking a leading part in those years in what were called the compromise measures of 1850 on the slavery question. Mr. Clay died at Washington City, D. C., June 29, 1852, aged seventy-five years.

Hon. John Pope was a Virginian, born in Prince William County in 1770. He studied law, early removed to Kentucky, became an eminent lawyer, was often elected a member of the State Legislature, was chosen a Presidential elector in 1801, served a full term of six years in the United States Senate from 1807 to 1813, presided sometimes over that body; also served six years in the popular branch of Congress, from 1837 to 1843. In 1829 President Jackson appointed him Governor of the territory of Arkansas; and died in Washington county, Kentucky, July 12th, 1845, aged seventy-five years.

Senator Pope was a man of large experience in public life, held a high rank as a lawyer and a public speaker, was popular as an orator at a time when oratory was not a little cultivated among the public men of Kentucky. Senator Pope, as a Presidential elector in 1801, was friendly to the election of Thomas Jefferson. Congress settled that contest between Jefferson and Aaron Burr, the Con-

gressional delegation of Kentucky voting for Mr. Jefferson.

Judge George M. Bibb, like most of Kentucky's early-time Governors and United States Senators, was a Virginian, born there in 1772, graduated at Princeton College in 1792, studied law, and emigrated to Kentucky at an early day, though not until after the admission of the State into the Union. He developed into a very promising young lawyer, and one who would probably take a high rank as a jurist before reaching middle life. And he did not disappoint public expectation, but rose rapidly to distinction in his profession, intimately identified himself with the judiciary of the State; was twice a chief justice of the Court of Appeals; a justice of that court; also held the position of Chancellor of the Court of Chancery; was in the State Senate two years; served in the United States Senate from 1811 to 1814, and also from 1829 to 1835. Judge Bibb was Secretary of the Treasury under President Tyler, and for a time was Assistant Attorney-General of the United States. Senator Pope was his colleague during his first term of service in the United States Senate. He died in Georgetown, District of Columbia, April 14th, 1859, aged eighty-seven years.

Major William T. Barry was Kentucky's next United States Senator in the order of time, he going in when Senator Bibb came out. He, too, was a Virginian, born at Lunenburg,

Fairfax county, March 18th, 1780; removed to Kentucky in 1795, graduated at William and Mary College in 1803, studied law, and was admitted to the bar; early developed a high style of oratory; he served in both branches of the State Legislature; was elected a member of Congress in 1810, and served in 1811; was judge of the Supreme Court of the State, also Chief Justice and Secretary of the State of Kentucky. He was also elected Lieutenant-Governor, and served as Postmaster-General in General Jackson's cabinet from 1829 to 1833, and had previously served as speaker of one branch of the State Legislature. Major William T. Barry was also conspicuously identified with the military history of Kentucky. In 1813 he was secretary and aid to Gen. Shelby at the battle of the Thames, and served in the United States Senate by appointment of Gov. Shelby from 1814 to 1816, serving his last year after Senator Hardin took his seat.

United States Senator Barry was appointed by President Jackson in 1835 Minister to Spain, and died at Liverpool, England, August 30th, 1835, while on the voyage to Spain, aged fifty-five years.

Major Martin D. Hardin was a son of Col. John Hardin, was born near the Monongahela River in Western Pennsylvania, June 21st, 1780. His father was a distinguished frontiersman, and took a very conspicuous part in Indian warfare, and also in

the Revolutionary War as a member of Gen. Morgan's celebrated rifle regiment. He settled in Washington county, Kentucky, in 1786, and bore himself gallantly against the treacherous tribes of the northwest; commanded a detachment of Kentucky militia at Harmar's defeat on the Miami of the lakes, or near the junction of the St. Joseph and St. Mary's in October, 1790; also in the army of Gen. Charles Scott that marched to the Wabash in May and June, 1791.

Major Martin D. Hardin was educated at Transylvania University, studied law, served several terms in the State Legislature, also as Secretary of State; had a major's command in the Northwestern army, and served in the United States Senate in 1816 and 1817, being the colleague of Major William T. Barry during the first year of his service in that body. Major Martin D. Hardin was a man of superior intellect, and was eminently successful, professionally. He died in Franklin county, Kentucky, October, 1823, aged forty-three years.

Major John J. Crittenden was a native Kentuckian, born in Woodford county, in September, 1786. He ranked as major during the late war with England, serving as aid-de-camp to Gen. Shelby at the battle of the Thames. After adopting the profession of the law, he served a number of years in the State Legislature, one year as speaker, and also in the

United States Senate by appointment of the Governor in 1817-19, and by election for a full Senatorial term of six years, extending from 1835 to 1841, and then he was appointed Attorney-General of the United States by President Harrison, which, however, he resigned in September of the same year. In 1842 Senator Crittenden was appointed to fill the vacancy created by the resignation of the Hon. Henry Clay, and in 1843 was elected again a United States Senator for six years.

Major Crittenden having been placed in nomination by the Whig party for Governor of Kentucky in 1848, he resigned the United States Senatorship and accepted the Governorship, served in it until 1850, when President Fillmore appointed him Attorney-General of the United States, but again entered the United States Senate, on a full term, in 1855.

Major John Jordan Crittenden died at Frankfort, Kentucky, July 26th, 1863.

Judge William Logan was the son of Col. Benjamin Logan, who was one of the earliest and most distinguished pioneers and frontiersmen in Kentucky. Col. Logan was in the Indian and French wars, and also engaged actively and zealously in fighting the Indians of Kentucky and northwest of the Ohio. Before emigrating to Kentucky he lived on the Holstein River, near the Cumberland Mountains, and in 1775 he explored Kentucky, and the next year he set-

tled near the Kentucky River, at a place he called "Logan's Fort." Here Judge William Logan, the son of Col. Benjamin Logan, who developed into a United States Senator from Kentucky in 1819-20, was born, December 8th, 1776, and here at "Logan's Fort," when William, the infant son of Col. Benjamin Logan, who was the first white child born in Kentucky, was an inmate of "Logan's Fort," with all the other Logans, on the 20th of May, 1777, a furious attack was made upon it by a large force of hostile savages, who were repelled. William's father was of Col. Bouquet's expedition in 1764; also of the army of Gen. Andrew Lewis in 1774 at the mouth of the Kanawha, and he was also in the Col. Bowman expedition to the Scioto towns in 1779.

Judge William Logan studied law and practiced successfully, was frequently a member of the Legislature, also speaker, and was much identified with the judiciary and conventions of the State. Senator Logan was the colleague of Senators Crittenden and Johnson, and his decease occurred August 8th, 1822, aged forty-eight years.

Col. Richard M. Johnson was born at Bryant Station, Kentucky, October, 1781, served as a member of the popular branch of Congress from 1807 to 1813, and in the last-named year he raised a regiment of one thousand Kentuckians for cavalry service on our northern frontiers, and at their head he greatly distinguished

himself, leading them to victory at the battle of the Thames, where he encountered Proctor and Tecumseh. He largely divided the honors of that achievement, in public estimation, with the commander-in-chief. None were more courageous. Col. Johnson was very severely wounded, and while going through a lingering and painful recovery, was elected again to Congress, where he was kept by repeated elections until 1819, when he was elected to the United States Senate, and remained a member of that body until 1829, when he entered again the popular branch of Congress, and remained there by repeated elections until 1837, when he was elected Vice-President of the United States.

Col. Johnson was a Transylvania student; studied law; was a member of the State Legislature frequently between 1805 and 1850, and was such at the time of his death, which took place at Frankfort, Kentucky, November 19th, 1850, aged seventy years.

Judge John Rowan was born in Pennsylvania in 1773. He removed with his father's family to Kentucky in 1783, was admitted to the bar in 1795, was a member of the Constitutional Convention in 1799; was many years a member of the Legislature, Secretary of State of Kentucky in 1804, member of Congress from 1807 to 1809, judge of the Court of Appeals 1819-21, and United States Senator from 1825 to 1831, and was Commis-

sioner of Claims against Mexico under the treaty of April 11th, 1839.

Senator Rowan had a high reputation as a public speaker, and especially as a criminal lawyer. One authority before me represents him as a man of extensive literary acquirements and commanding eloquence. His speeches in the United States Senate were characterized as learned,

able, and eloquent, and on various topics commanded the attention of the country at large. He was an able lawyer, a fine scholar, a profound jurist, very familiar with the judiciary of the State, and was reputed to have been a dignified statesman. Judge John Rowan died at Louisville, Kentucky, July 13th, 1843, aged seventy years.
ISAAC SMUCKER.

A LAYMAN'S OBSERVATIONS ON OHIO LAWYERS AND LAW.

II.

JOSEPH ADAMS had the reputation of being one of the most reliable counsellors-at-law that Cleveland had in the early days of its history, and he had the reputation of being the most exhaustive pleader known at the bar. He would never leave a point unargued if it took all summer, and a good share of the autumn. He could work a jury up to a pitch that they would feel like giving his cause a verdict if he would end his plea before he was a quarter through—in other words, after the first two hours were reached. He had a case before the United States court when N. E. Crittenden sat as a juror, and the writer hereof as well. "Jo" had labored with the case in his plea, had used up all the forenoon, and had reached well into the afternoon, when the patience of Mr. Crittenden had become well nigh exhausted, and he was so nervous that he could not sit still. In order to quiet his nerves he

drew a newspaper from his pocket and essayed to read. Mr. Adams did not relish such a proceeding, and appealed to the judge, saying: "May it please your honor, I will have to suspend my remarks until the jury has read the news of the day." This appeared to arouse the bench from a partial sleep, and in place of reproving the juror he asked Mr. Adams if he was not extending his remarks beyond the necessities of the case. Mr. Adams' reply was that he wished to make the matter plain to the jury, and he was not one-half through with his argument. At this the jury felt like leaping out of the window.

Mr. Adams was a son of Nimrod. He was a sharpshooter with a rifle, and had never lowered his aim to a scattering fowling piece or shot gun. He had devised many important improvements in the construction of a rifle, and in his later years was seldom seen on the streets without his favor-

ite arm, intent upon perfecting some improvement already developed in his mind. Whatever Adams entered into there was no half-way work about him—he was thorough to complete exhaustion of his subject, and whether acting as a marksman or an attorney, he was certain to hit the bull's-eye if he but had a rest in the one case, or sufficient time in the other.

John Barr, although possessed with a remarkable legal knowledge, consented for many years to act in the more unremunerative position of justice of peace. His decisions were seldom, if ever, reversed in the higher courts, and what was still more remarkable, he would take great pains, when a case was likely to come before him wherein neighbors were liable to get to loggerheads in law, to endeavor to settle their dispute without trial. He has, time and again, when a request for a trial was asked upon some trivial matter, requested that suit should not begin until he had an opportunity to see the opposite party and try for a reconciliation without coming into court. Such self abnegation is rare in these days, but it accounts for the fact that John Barr was not a millionaire, nor within a fractional approach of one. In his practice as an attorney he studiously declined a "retainer," insisting that he could do better work in anticipation of a fee than if it was in hand, remarking that he regarded it more honorable to take his pay, as workmen do, after the job is completed,

or at least well under way. This may have been another mistake of the "Squire," by which he never appeared to get on as well as his fellows in the profession.

The firm of Silliman, Stetson & Barr carried a powerful weight of legal ability, coupled with unvarying integrity. Business men who submitted their questioned affairs to their keeping, felt assured that no lack of proper skill would endanger the cause. No one of these gentlemen was skillful enough in his own behalf to lay aside enough for his descendants to make much of, or quarrel for what was left, while the deep-read and profound jurist, Charles Stetson, whose family were once at the head of social life in Cleveland, lost his prestige and his practice, and finally ended his days in a manner that shocked the sense of a vast community who had known and respected him for his many superb qualities during all his days in Cleveland.

Thomas Bolton was a rare genius and a peculiarly distinguished lawyer in his own chosen line of the profession. In all his early life he was a bold and uncompromising Democrat, and in his later years he carried all his native vigor into the Republican party, where he became a prominent figure. In 1836, 1840, and 1844, as well during all the intermediate years, he was the most vigorous Democrat of the party, while he studiously declined any public office until that of

county prosecutor was forced upon him. In the fall of 1844 he was so enthusiastic in behalf of the success of James K. Polk that he gathered a wagon-load of unnaturalized persons, and at night started for Chardon, where court was in session, in order to endow them with citizenship with the right to vote. During his Democratic days he served the county as prosecutor, and was indefatigable in bringing criminals to the bar of justice. His term ran through a season when the county was infested with a gang of horse thieves. A protective association against such culprits was organized, and Bolton was one of its members; but the wiley Rob Roys were continually making raids upon Bolton, but they were never known to devote the avails to the poor, unless they rated themselves of that class, and the money of the protective association went principally towards chasing up the thieves who stole the prosecutor's horses, and it was compelled to yield up the ghost for want of the means of subsistence.

In later days Bolton wheeled in line with the Republicans, and was a leading member of that party. The party made him a county judge, and no one had a better record than he. Unlike many in the legal profession, he was regarded as exacting in every point when his pecuniary rights were involved, and what he lost in bad debts would not add much to a poor man's purse. Cool, calculating, and exacting as his reputation was, he

was generous, sympathetic, and charitable. While on the bench it became his duty to sentence an old acquaintance and well-known business man to the penitentiary. His usual manner was stern, independent, and apparently relentless, but this case was one that tried his nerves to their utmost stretch. There was a large assembly at the old court house to hear the fate of the criminal, and the judge felt the importance of the occasion. It would appear from outside demeanor that he was equal to the task. He brisked up, took his seat, and there was a marked silence in the room. He commenced his sentence by looking at the criminal and saying that the crime for which he was found guilty was second in magnitude on the calendar, and if unpunished would be likely to unhinge the whole order of society. Proceeding still further, there was a perceptible tremor in the judge's countenance as he turned his head one side, and his efforts to hide a tear were unavailing; he choked for a brief moment and endeavored to proceed with the sentence, but again partially broke down, but finally acting as if such emotions did not become a judge on the bench in discharge of a sacred duty, he nerved himself up to the work and got well through his task, ordered the prisoner back to jail, then taking a low back seat he, for a time, was hidden from the vast audience which had partially, by sympathy with his honor, fallen into like emotions

Without a single sound or demonstration the audience quietly dispersed to carry the news of the sad fate of one of their number to every one they met.

An incident in this affair may be of interest. After sentence was pronounced, the prisoner was remanded to jail, and preparations made to convey him to Columbus prison. The sheriff granted his reasonable request to be allowed a brief visit to his residence, that he may be enabled to arrange matters previous to taking leave for so long an absence (nine years, if memory serves). The deputy accompanied him to his house, where he had an interview with his family, and by the gracious kindness of the officer he was allowed to step into a side bedroom with his wife, but as the delay was rather lengthy, and hearing no conversation, he sprang to the door, opened it, found a window open, and at once came to the conclusion that his bird had flown, when he at once made an effort to follow in pursuit, but he was beyond reach to all appearances, and mortified, went back to report his misfortune to his superiors. A handsome reward was at once offered, but no prisoner was found for some months, when he was captured in New York, and this time well guarded and placed behind the bars, where the judge had sentenced him. To come back to that bedroom, where the deputy had permitted him to go, the adroit criminal and his wife had so pre-arranged matters that by

removing the back part of the drawers to a bureau, with their faces seeming intact, he was enabled to recline quite comfortably behind such bars, and the officer would never mistrust that so large a man could lay in one of those thin boxes. Had the deputy only taken thought and listened a brief moment he could have heard the breathing of his man, or felt the throb of his heart, but the open window told a lie, and he was too eager to accept it as true.

A case analagous to this occurred in Summit county not long anterior. A brother of Nathaniel T. Willis was charged and proven to have committed a base assault upon a young lady. L. V. Bierce was his attorney in defence. After the case was concluded, Judge Bierce asked the favor of the court that he could have a private interview with his client, which was granted. The two walked into the hall of the court house, and the judge, who claimed it to be his duty to do all he could to clear his client, advised him to skip at once and be no more seen in this quarter. On returning after a reasonable delay to the court room, the judge of the court asked Mr. Bierce where the prisoner was. He replied that he was unable to give his exact whereabouts, but as it was his duty to do the best he knew how for his client in defence, he had advised him to make himself as scarce as possible. The judge charged Mr. Bierce with bad faith, but Willis had fled. Possibly there

might have been a case of contempt, but not put on record. Willis never suffered imprisonment, except for a brief term in Judge Bierce's dry cistern, where his food and bedding were supplied by an elevator with rope attachments. Subsequently he left the country, and was heard of in Mexico. Judge Humphrey was on the bench at the trial, and is said to have caused some humor in comparing young Willis' "pencilling by the way" to be dissimilar to those of his brother, who was just then the most charming of writers, discoursing upon scenes outside of city life, where the gay birds sing, and the rippling waters flow, and the big, burly toad hops out of his way as he wanders athwart the fields, and the umbrageous shade of the elms and lindens afford a happy retiring place for the lovers of nature in the joyful spring time.

Speaking of crime and criminals in the abstract, careful inquiry has not settled the point among the profession—and it is outside the province of the code—whether a lawyer, in defending a person charged with crime, should be particular to know the part of guilt in the individual. One says that he can do him better justice if he will fully confess his crime, while another says that in all cases where he is asked to defend a person he would rather not know anything respecting the case, only to be made acquainted with what can be proved in defence. It is liable to

make some people wonder if a lawyer of rare integrity could defend a known criminal, and after freeing him from the trammels of the law, walk the streets with a clear conscience, in view of the fact that he had so deceived a jury of twelve men to the absolute disadvantage of community and the State. It is said respecting an attorney that he had abandoned the profession simply because he had wronged a man while acting as prosecutor against a man arraigned for killing a neighbor's horse. He made it clear to the jury that the man was guilty, while the facts were that the prosecutor had killed the horse himself.

When the professors of a medical college send out a new batch of young doctors the final lecture is one that gives the young men an idea how they should manage with the patients respecting compensation. They are told to study well the capabilities of their patients and every one they come across that is able to stand a big fee, be not backward in making as large as conscience and the nature of the surroundings will permit, because "you will no doubt have a vast number of calls from the penniless, that you must never neglect, who cannot afford to pay the smallest sum you may feel disposed to ask. Then there will be others able but not willing, and rather than dally with such you may think best not to press the case further." The student is told that the means of liv-

ing should come from his patients, and he must get it out of those who are able and willing. Possibly there is a different method among the legal profession.

An early Cleveland justice, A. D. Smith, dealt out justice to those who were entitled, with an even hand. Smith was a red-hot politician of the Democratic sort, with strong anti-slavery proclivities. He was also ever ready to missionate in neighboring cities for the advancement of the party of his affiliation. He was without doubt a well-read man in the current law and literature of the day. He found his way to Wisconsin, but did not shine with great brilliancy, and perhaps he never had the desire to set the world on fire.

Later on the justice's bench was held down by the broad-shouldered veteran of the last war with England, known to every one as Erastus Smith. He had brought down to the latest moment of his time a memento from the battle-field, in the shape of a military coat and cap, clothed in which he took great pride in parading the streets upon all public national occasions, to the delight of the entire loyal community. The Squire had considerably outgrown his coat, and in the later days of his sojourn here the garment did not fit him quite enough. Some thought it fit to a T because it held his shoulders back, insomuch that he was not unlike that capital letter. Moreover, his equipment for service was tolerably com-

plete, for he had also brought down from those sharp conflicts his belt, sword and scabbard, which never failed to accompany him upon State occasions. As a justice he was loyal to the law, and could render judgment in any case where a man sued for his honest dues, for his honest hard labor, just as impartially as ever Storey, Livingstone, or Kent had done before him.

The name of Almon Burgess as a justice of peace in Cleveland runs through a long docket. He was ripe in experiences of a business life, and was sought for with the certain expectation and hope for speedy justice in multitudes of civil cases.

Melancton Barnett could hear the trial of a case between the draughts he continually took from his inevitable clay pipe, with as solid and intelligent discrimination as any justice on any bench. His judgment was that kind which never failed to come from the law and evidence. Although Mr. Barnett was not a lawyer by profession, he was endowed with a good share of what the people call "horse sense," enabling him to deal with his neighbors who came to him to adjudicate their differences, in the hope that no one could go away dissatisfied with his ruling in behalf of justice.

George Hoadley, Sr., appeared to take delight in the position of a justice, and he was well fitted for the station. Possibly he had more book-learning than many of his class in the city, before or since his time. He

was a graduate of Yale, and had read law to its fullest extent.

Edward Heissenmuller came to Cleveland when it was but a village, and was among the first of his nationality who came from Germany to make Cleveland their home. As a natural consequence, when he assumed the role of a justice he soon became thronged with his countrymen who sought him for advice and council, and all matters which a justice is expected to perform. The Squire had a long tenure to his office, and even long years after he had laid off his robes his countrymen would not give him up, but continued to repose the most implicit faith in him as a man of mature judgment in legal matters.

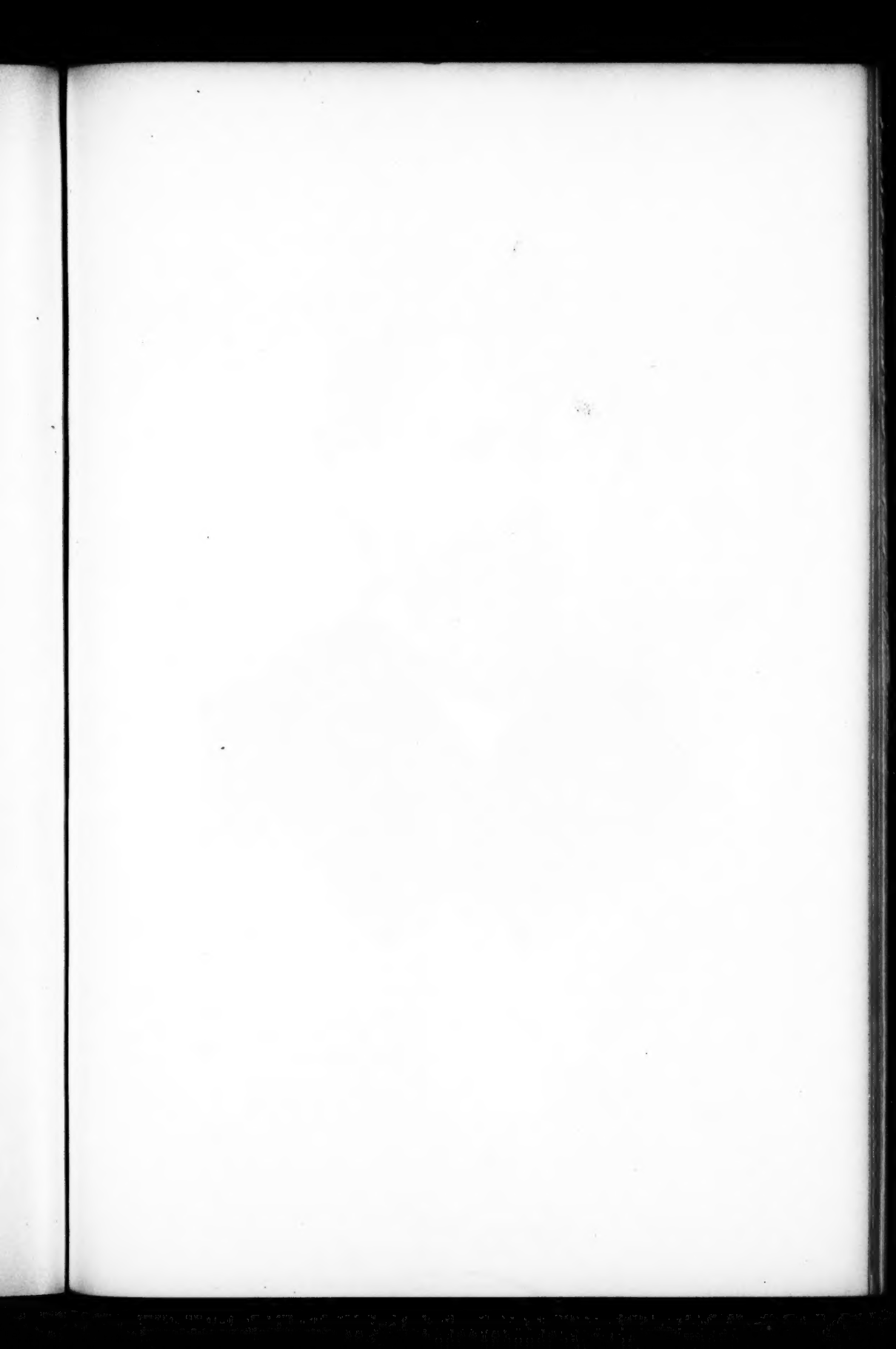
Wells Porter was elected a justice year after year from the West side, but held his office on the East side. He was sound as a bell, and had a large share of book knowledge, coupled with a mature judgment. More than all, he had a single eye for justice, having had the misfortune in his early youth to lose one of his natural optics. A sort of Gretna Green affair came near coming off in his court room one day, when the writer came near being a witness. A young man and a couple of younger women came up in the Squire's court room, two of whom wished to be made into one by the process of marriage. The young man hinted to the Squire that they had come all the way from Buffalo for that purpose.

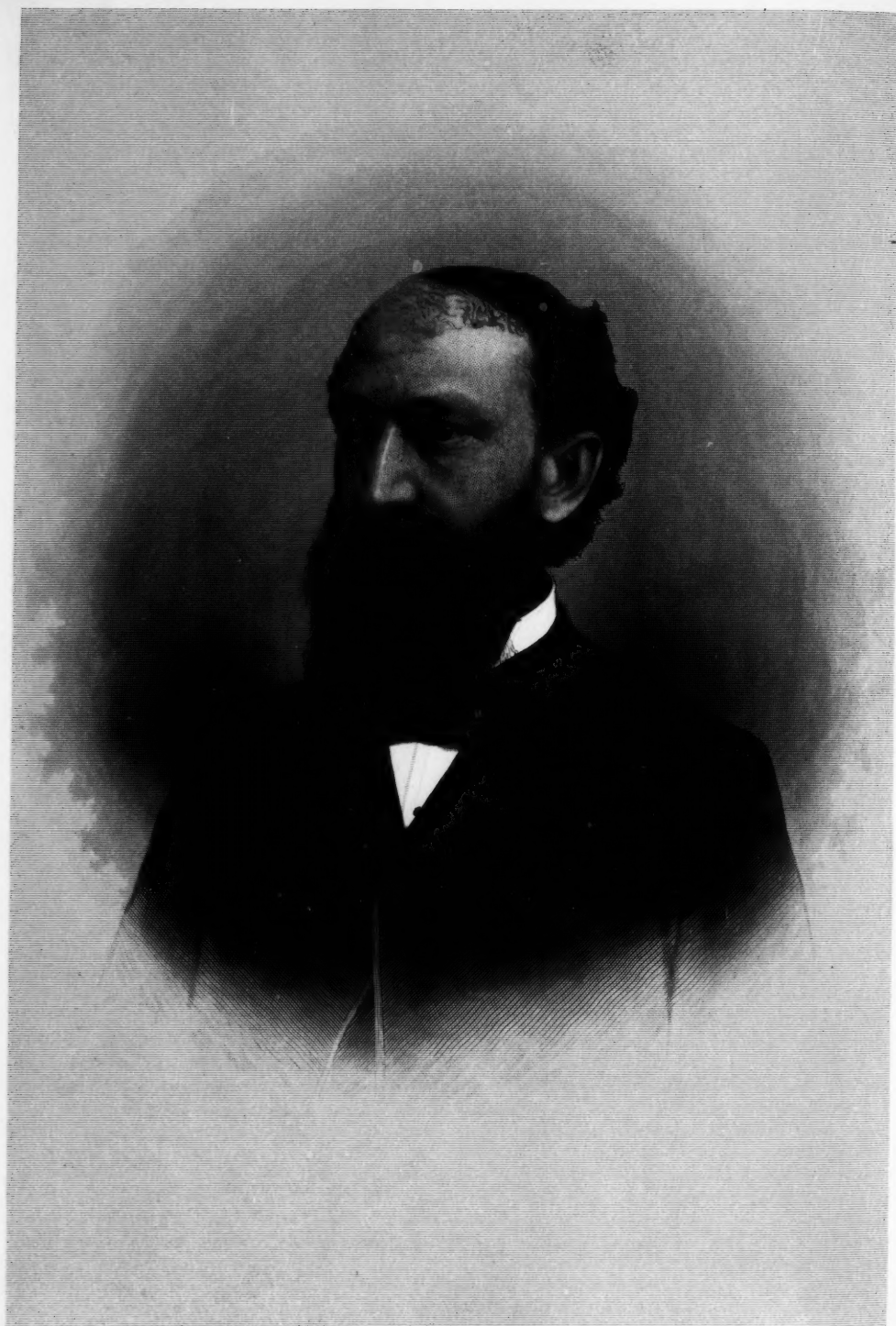
When he was asked if he had procured his license, he was dismayed, and had never thought such a thing necessary. He was informed that such a document was imperative. In the kindness of his heart the judge accompanied the party to the probate office, and the document was speedily procured. Retiring to the court room of the Squire, he told the party to stand up, and he would perform the desired ceremony.

"But," says the sister of the intended bride, "where is the ring?"

"That is not necessary," said the Squire, "in the manner in which I marry people."

Nevertheless, the young lady, who, perhaps, intended to be bridesmaid on the occasion, so influenced her sister that it was regarded as best to procure the ring, and off the trio sallied in search of a jewelry shop to satisfy the wants of the occasion. The Squire tarried for their return with an impatience that begets heart sickness in some of less years, but he had a fee in mind, if not a flea in the ear. Alas! the young man returned a sadder man than upon his first appearance, and announced with a half hesitating and husky voice that he had come to the conclusion not to marry, because when they went to choose a ring that "doggoned sister put in her blab, and would have me buy a ring for more money than I had. There was one I picked out for thirty-five cents, and she would have the dollar-and-a-half one, so I just left





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W. W. Gibbs

'em in the store and come up to ask you if you won't take this 'ere license and get the money back for your trouble."

The Squire told him that his trouble was little, and he would make no charge, and said he had better keep the paper, for possibly he may change his mind, and then it will come in all right.

"Not by a gol darned sight," he said, "if that sister had jest kep' her mouth shet 'twould been all right, but I don't want to marry two to wonst."

The fellow tore up his license, and shot out of the room as mad as a March hare. The Squire remarked that there was another instance of a slip betwixt the cup and the lip.

. GEORGE F. MARSHALL.

WILLIAM WARREN GIBBS.

WILLIAM WARREN GIBBS, President of the United Gas Improvement Company, of Philadelphia, a corporation that controls the gas production of a large number of the cities in this country, was born in the village of Hope, Warren county, N. J., March 8th, 1846. His father's ancestors were among the early settlers of Rhode Island. His mother, Ellen Vanatta, was a sister of the late Hon. Jacob Vanatta, one of the leading lawyers of New Jersey, and at one time Attorney-General of that State. Mr. Gibbs obtained what education he could in the public schools of his native village before he was fourteen years old. Upon reaching that age he procured employment as clerk or "boy helper" in a grain, flour and feed store in Newark, N. J., where he remained a year, and then returned to his native village, where he secured a clerkship in a general country store. Here he was employed for two years, and then went to a larger store of a similar kind at Hackettstown, N. J.,

where he continued for eight years, the first two years with W. L. & G. W. Johnson, and thereafter with Jacob Welsh, Jr. It was here that he first displayed the possession of the financial abilities which have made him so successful. He was seventeen when he went there. At twenty-three he was a partner in the business with Mr. Welsh, and two years later, when his partner died and the business was wound up, he was ready to begin anew with a few thousand dollars cash capital of his own, the result of his own, unaided efforts and economy. In 1871 Mr. Gibbs went to New York City, and three friends started in the retail dry goods business at Eighth avenue and Thirty-seventh street, under the firm name of Miles, Gilman & Co. His partners failing to contribute the amount of capital they had agreed to furnish, he bought them out. The business, however, was so slow, plodding and unprofitable that he soon tired of it, and at the end of two years he sold out,

being no better off than when he started. He then tried the wholesale grocery business at 146 Reade street, New York. He secured two partners, each having the same capital as himself, and started under the firm name of Bauer, Gibbs & Co. With an inadequate capital, however, it proved even less profitable than the dry goods business. It was not long, under the prevailing custom of giving credit to the small retail, corner grocery stores, before the bulk of the firm's assets was represented by several books filled with other people's small liabilities. It was a constant struggle to meet the firm's obligations. Mr. Gibbs at last decided to withdraw, and proposed to his partners that they should call a meeting of the creditors, state the case to them, show them that two could run the business as well as three, and with less expense, and agreed that if the other two would assume his share of the liabilities, he would surrender to them his interest. The proposition was accepted, and Mr. Gibbs withdrew in 1875, practically penniless, his only capital being a first-class character for reliability and integrity.

Meantime Mr. Gibbs had been thinking of new plans whereby to make money. He read up and investigated new inventions. He studied the scientific journals, absorbing and digesting everything he came across with a view to getting hold of something at which to make a living, and to which he could de-

vote his attention. About this time he became acquainted with a Mr. Ferdinand King, an inventor, who had a patent for making gas from petroleum—King's patent. Mr. Gibbs and Mr. King formed a corporation, which they called the National Petroleum Gas Company of New York. They had no capital, but they had their patent, faith in its value, and Mr. Gibbs' ability, tenacity, shrewdness, and untiring energy. He figured as president on the roll of officers, but he was in reality president, secretary, treasurer, general manager, solicitor, corresponding clerk, traveling agent and board of directors. His first contract was to build gas works in a small country town, introducing the company's patent process of manufacturing gas. He succeeded in interesting Amos Paul, Esq., agent of the Swampscot Machine Company of South New Market, N. H., and through him made an arrangement to build the works for their new system. This corporation figured as the nominal contractors for the new works, but in reality they were only sub-contractors under Mr. Gibbs' company. In this way a start was made by the National Petroleum Gas Company of New York. The work was satisfactory, and the gas was good. Mr. Gibbs had less trouble after that. He worked hard and studied hard. He began the building of gas works for large manufacturing establishments, public buildings, and in the little towns where no

gas works were before, and establishing rival and better gas works in large towns that had already boasted a gas supply. The whole burden of the work, the contracting, negotiating, traveling, etc., was done by himself. He did not aim too high. He made no contracts that he did not carry out exactly as he agreed. He tried to do no more than he was able. He was most conservative, yet most energetic, having built more than one hundred works in the first seven years, in all parts of the country, from Maine to California. Four years after he withdrew from the grocery business he had accumulated \$100,000. In another three years he had added thereto \$150,000 more. By this time he had become thoroughly convinced of the wonderful possibilities of the business if properly organized and backed with ample capital. His business so far had brought him to some extent in contact with the Standard Oil Company. His system of making gas involved the use of large quantities of petroleum, the purchase of which for the various works established by his company was almost entirely entrusted to him, and in this way he came to form the acquaintance of some of that great corporation's active officials and managers, and after much effort he succeeded in interesting principally Mr. W. G. Warden, who was a large shareholder in the Standard, and was the principal manager of the Philadelphia interests of

that corporation. Mr. Warden, after careful consideration, became convinced that Mr. Gibbs' proposed enterprise could be made a great success. What Mr. Gibbs had succeeded in accomplishing in the seven years that he had been in the business, with no capital to start with, and everything to learn, was tangible testimony in the case. Besides, as an earnest of his faith in the matter, Mr. Gibbs was willing to put his entire accumulations into the venture. As the result of his representations and efforts, the United Gas Improvement Company of Philadelphia was formed in 1882, with Mr. Gibbs as general manager, and \$1,000,000 in hard cash in its treasury. Among the Philadelphians who joined the venture with Mr. Gibbs were Messrs. W. G. Warden, Thomas Dolan, John Wanamaker, George Philler, president of the First National Bank; Henry C. Gibson, W. L. Elkins, B. Widener, Henry Lewis, I. V. Williamson, S. A. Caldwell, H. H. Houston, Jas. A. Wright, Wm. M. Singerly, W. T. Carter, and others. It was a strong combination, both as regards financial responsibility and business capacity. It has grown rapidly since its organization. It has paid large dividends. Its capital stock is now \$5,000,000, and sells at a large premium, while the actual assets will aggregate a much larger sum.

The new corporation promptly acquired all the most improved methods for improving the quality and reduc-

ing the cost of producing gas. Competent engineers were secured, and a thorough business organization in every department was perfected. The company is to-day the most extensive enterprise of the kind in the United States, already owning and controlling the gas works of about fifty important towns and cities, and is rapidly adding to the number and enlarging the field of its operations.

Mr. Gibbs is largely interested in several other important enterprises. He is the president and moving and guiding spirit in a new railroad known as the Pennsylvania, Poughkeepsie & Boston Railroad, extending from Stat-ington, on the Lehigh River, to Campbell Hall, New York, where connection is made with the Poughkeepsie Bridge system, whose western terminus is at that point. This road is being built with the view of connecting the coal fields of Pennsylvania with the New England market. It is ninety-four miles in length, and forms a part of a through passenger line from Washington city to Boston via Philadelphia. He also owns a large interest in the Poughkeepsie Bridge, of which he is a director, and is one of the trustees of the syndicate that controls the railroad in connection with the bridge, extending from Campbell Hall to Hartford, Conn., and Springfield, Mass. Early in the year 1886 Mr. Gibbs undertook the construction of the great Poughkeepsie Bridge. The charter of the company was granted by the Legislature of the State of New York

in 1871, and amended in 1872, so as to permit the placing of four piers in the channel, not less than five hundred feet apart. The company is an independent corporation, and is required to grant to all railroad corporations that desire to use the bridge equal terms of accommodation, privileges and facilities. The construction was begun in 1873, and the corner stone of one of the piers on Reynold's Hill, in the city of Poughkeepsie, was laid with ceremony on the 17th of December in that year. Further progress was interrupted by the financial troubles of the country until 1876, when the American Bridge Company of Chicago made a contract to build it, but only completed one pier and began a second and then suspended. The project was then allowed to lie dormant until 1886. Early that year Mr. Gibbs acquired all the right, title and interests in this charter and work, etc., previously done; and organized the Manhattan Bridge Building Company, subscribing and paying for its entire capital stock. This company made a contract with the Poughkeepsie Bridge Company to complete the bridge, and take what stock and bonds it was authorized to issue for the purpose in payment. A sub-contract was then made with the Union Bridge Company of New York, and the work was promptly started; but as \$7,500,000 in cash at least was required to complete the bridge and connections, Mr. Gibbs set energeti-

cally to work to secure the means. Some three months were required to complete the syndicate for the first million. In the meantime the work was going on, and as the estimates came in on the 15th of each month, the money was advanced by him. Among the first that Mr. Gibbs succeeded in interesting in the enterprise was Mr. Henry C. Gibson of Philadelphia, Arthur and Horace Brock, of Lebanon, Pa., and John W. and Robert C. H. Brock of Philadelphia. These gentlemen aided Mr. Gibbs in every possible way, and through their combined efforts the entire amount was raised, and the work was pushed energetically and without intermission from the day it started, and the work accomplished in a little over two years. After the contracts were all made, and soon after the work was well under way, Mr. Gibbs took the presidency of the Bridge Company, and remained at the head of it until the completion of the bridge, January 1st, 1889. Not desiring to enter upon the practical management of the business of the bridge and railroads, and appreciating the importance of securing a man for the position who possessed large experience, Mr. Gibbs determined to

retire as soon as it was found that the services of such a man could be obtained. Mr. John S. Wilson, then general freight and traffic manager of the Pennsylvania Railroad, possessed, in a high degree, every qualification necessary to manage the affairs of the company in the practical operation of its property. He had become much impressed with the merit and importance of the enterprise, and having been offered the post, decided to resign his position with the Pennsylvania Railroad, and accepted the presidency of the Poughkeepsie Bridge Company and connecting roads.

The erection of the bridge is an achievement worthy of a place among the great successes of American engineering. Its accomplishment is largely due to the efforts of Mr. Gibbs, who naturally takes great pride and satisfaction in this monument to his energy and perseverance.

Mr. Gibbs was married on October 16th, 1872, to Miss Frances A. Johnson, a daughter of George W. Johnson, one of his early employers. They have six children, four daughters and two sons, and reside in a handsome home at 1216 North Broad street, Philadelphia. E. C. GLOVER.

TAKEN AT GIST'S.

IN Captain Stobo's letter dated June 29, 1754, at Fort Duquesne, he gives the names of commanders of companies and the number of prisoners wounded and taken by the French and Indians at Great Meadows in the battle with Washington, and adds the following:

"Taken at Guest's by an Indian named English John (a Mingo), Lowry's Traders: Andrew McBriar, Nehemiah Stevens, John Kennedy, Elizabeth Williams.

"The Indians offered their prisoners for sale; inquired the price—forty pistoles for each, a good ransom. All sent to Canada in custody of the Indians who took them, except John Kennedy. He was given to the Owl to weigh upon while his leg was curing. He was wounded with ten others and four Indians. All are recovered but one, who died after having his arm cut off. Four were shot on the spot. That is all the loss I can hear of."*

Capt. Stobo does not state when "Lowry's Traders" were caught at Gist's, whether by the party under command of Jamonville, who was defeated by Washington, or by the larger party under De Villiers, who

left Fort Duquesne, June 26, 1754 with five hundred French and Indians to attack Washington at Great Meadows. I presume English John, the Mingo Indian, took command of a party of Indians who were in the advance of De Villiers, and caught these traders at Gist's.

They must have arrived at Gist's after Washington fell back from that place, and had but a short time to prepare for their defence. They were probably on their way from Ohio to their homes in Donegal, Lancaster county.

John Kennedy married a Miss Sterrett, of Mount Joy township, Lancaster county, Pa., and for many years traded with the Indians at the Ohio, and other places further west, for Lazarus Lowrey, who settled in Donegal township, Lancaster county, Pa., in 1729, upon the farm now owned by the Hon. J. Donald Cameron, where he established a trading post in the same year, and continued in the Indian trade for twenty-five years. He removed to Philadelphia in 1754, and died there in the following year.

Although he met with very heavy losses from the French and Indians, he owned several of the finest farms in Donegal.

*Vide Pa. Col. Rec., old series, vol. VI., page 143.

In 1753 he sold the farm upon which Maytown now stands to John Kennedy, mentioned above. In May, 1754, the latter sold to Capt. Thomas Harris and Joseph Simon, Indian traders.

After Capt. Kennedy's release from captivity, he raised a company of volunteer soldiers, and fought the Indians through the French and Indian wars.

Nehemiah Stevens became an Indian scout, and was of great service to the English. Lazarus Lowrey was the father of four sons, who became famous Indian traders. James and Alexander were interested in the trade in connection with their father at the time Kennedy was taken at Gist's. John Lowrey, the oldest son of Lazarus L., in 1743-4, owned a farm adjoining his father's, on the southwest, containing two hundred and eighty-eight acres, and in a year or two thereafter he purchased several hundred acres of land, which extended from the Susquehanna at a point where the town of Marietta now is, to his other purchase. This farm is now owned in part by Col. James Duffey's heirs. It was the home of John Lowrey when trading with the Indians at the Ohio in the spring of 1750. While Mr. Lowrey was seated upon a keg of powder an Indian set fire to it, and he was blown up and killed. Capt. William Trent relates a curious incident in connection with the death of John Lowrey. In a letter directed to the secretary of the prov-

ince of Pennsylvania, dated Lancaster, August 18, 1750, he writes:

"SIR:—A few days ago some of Lowrey's hands came in from the woods. They had a Frenchman in company, who said he was a French trader, and was put in irons and confined for disobeying the orders of the commander of the fort where he traded (the fort lyes betwixt De Troit and the Pict's country). By the assistance of his friends he made his escape to the Picts that are in friendship with us, some of which was for putting him to death for a spy; others would have him sent back, and some were for delivering him to Lowrey to be kept till the man that killed his brother and the Indian by setting fire to the powder was delivered. He's in Lowrey's possession now. He says that the French traders complained to the governor that the English traders had bought all their debts of the Indians, and that unless he prevented the English from trading so far back that they must quit the trade; upon which the Governor ordered the hatchet to be given to the French Indians to strike the English, which was done before he came away. He says that there was a great number of soldiers expected up from Canada, and that the white man taken from Carolina was taken by the French Nottawagoes or Wandotts, and was sent to Canada before he made his escape, who, I suppose, are now returned with the other prisoners that came with Capt. Stod-

dard from Canada. The two traders belonging to our province that I wrote you as I was coming from Philadelphia last was taken, have sent a letter home. They were taken by the Ottawawas, and are sent to Canada. They write that they are well used, and are to be sent home in the spring by way of New York. We have also an account that thirty French Wandodts have killed fourteen white men belonging to Carolina. I cannot assert it for truth, though I am afraid it is too true. I am, sir, etc.,

"WILLIAM TRENT."*

This Frenchman was kept as a hostage in the dwelling of James Lowrey (son of Lazarus L.), who owned at that time the farm in Donegal, from which the "Canoy Indians" removed to Shamoken in 1744. It runs to the river, and lies a mile below Canoy Creek. It is now owned by John Haldeman, who married Miss Elliot, a granddaughter of Daniel Elliot, Indian trader, who married Elizabeth, daughter of Col. Alexander Lowrey.

James Lowrey, the second son of Lazarus L., traded a great deal with the Indians along the Ohio and at the lakes. He and George Croghan had great influence with the Picts, and prevented them from going over to the French interest, in consequence of which the Governor of Detroit offered a large reward for their heads.

*Vide Colonial Records, old series, Pa., Vol. V., page 461.

Mr. Lowrey, deeming it unsafe to continue his trade with the Indians along the lakes, turned his attention to tribes south of the Ohio. He did not continue to trade in this new field unmolested, as the following deposition details:

"Deposition of Alexander Maginty, Indian trader of Cumberland county, Pa., taken before Chief Justice William Allen at Philadelphia, October 12, 1753:

"That this deponent, with six other traders, viz.: David Hendricks, Jacob Evans, William Powel, Thomas Hyde, and James Lowry, all of the province of Pennsylvania, and Jabez Evans, of the province of Virginia, being on their return from trading with the Cuttawas, a nation who live in the territories of Carolina, were, on the twenty-sixth day of January last, attacked and taken prisoners by a company of Coghnewagos, or French Praying Indians, from the River Saint Lawrence, being in number seventy, with whom was one white man called Philip, a low Dutchman, at a place about seventy-five miles from the Blue Lick town, and on the south bank of Cantucky River, which empties itself into Allegheny (Ohio) River about two hundred miles below the lower Shawanese town, this deponent and the said six traders having then with them in goods, skins and furs to the value of seven hundred pounds, Pennsylvania money, which were all taken away from them by the said French Indians. That from thence

the said deponent, with the said David Hendricks, Jacob Evans, William Powell, Thomas Hyde, and Jabez Evans (the said James Lowrey having made his escape soon after they were taken as aforesaid, and returned into Pennsylvania, as this deponent hath since heard), were carried by said Indians to a French fort on the Miamis, or Twightwee, River, and from thence to Fort De Troit, and there the said Jacob Evans and Thomas Hyde (as they informed this deponent at the said fort) were sold by the said Indians to Monsieur Oeloron, commandant of that fort. And this deponent, with the said David Hendricks and Jabez Evans, were carried forward by the Lake Erie to Niagara, and so through Lake Ontario to the city of Montreal, and there brought before the General of Canada, who said he would have nothing to do with them, for they were the Indians' prisoners, and at their disposal. That the said Jacob Evans, Thomas Hyde, and William Powel were also afterwards sent to Montreal, where this deponent saw the said Jacob Evans and Thomas Hyde in prison, but were sometime after sent away to old France, as this deponent was told at Montreal. That the said William Powel was sent to Canessatawba town, twenty-six miles from Montreal, and this deponent to a small Indian town in the neighborhood of Montreal, where he was kept a prisoner by the said Indians who took him, but was sometimes per-

mitted to go to Montreal. That the Indians of the town where he was prisoner, near Montreal, told him that there should not be a white man of the English nation on Ohio before the next Cold, meaning the winter, for the land was their father's, the French, and no Englishman should remain there.

"ALEXANDER MAGINTY."*

James Lowrey married first Susannah, daughter of Cap. James Patterson, Indian trader, who settled in Conestoga Manor in 1715; died 1735. After the Indian purchase along the Juniata in 1755, James and his brother, Daniel Lowrey, Indian trader, located at "Frankstown," the carrying place on the Juniata River, two miles below the present town of Hollidaysburg, Pa. They built a fort for protection against the French and Indians.

James, son of James Lowrey, was captain and scout along the Susquehanna and Juniata Rivers during the French and Indian wars, and James Lowrey's grandson, James, commanded a company under Gen. A. Wayne, and was killed near Fort Washington (Cincinnati) by the Indians, who made a sudden attack on his command, who had charge of a train of wagons. He made a gallant fight against superior numbers. James Lowrey (No. 1) died at Frankstown, Pa., about 1764, and left a large landed estate. His brother Daniel

*Vide Pa. Col. Records, old edition, Vol. V., page 663.

had charge of the Battoes on the Susquehanna, which conveyed provisions and supplies to Fort Augusta (Sunbury), commanded by Major James Burd in 1756-59.

Col. Alexander Lowrey, the youngest son of Lazarus Lowrey, became the largest landholder and most successful Indian trader of this famous family of traders. In 1752 he married Miss Mary Waters. After his father's decease in 1755 he purchased the Mansion farm, and in 1755 he also purchased the farm owned, as stated, by his brother John, where Marietta now stands. He accumulated property rapidly, and although he met with very great losses from hostile Indians, he was not materially crippled financially. He had great influence with the Indians, and traded with them as far west as the Mississippi. He acquired their language rapidly, and spoke the dialect of many tribes with great fluency. His activity and great power to endure fatigue and fasting won at once the good will and affection of the Indians. In a wonderful successful career as Indian trader, for a period of more than forty years, he was molested but once by the Indians, who became so frenzied that they probably did not recognize him. In the year 1763 Col. Alex. Lowrey, Capt. William Trent, Joseph Simon, George Croghan, John Gibson, and eighteen other Indian traders were returning from a very successful trading expedition, with goods, furs, and peltries, amounting to eighty-two thousand

pounds, New York currency, and when near "Bloody Run," Bedford county, Pa., their camp was attacked in the night by the Shawanese, Delawares, and Huron Indians, who destroyed or carried away the whole of this valuable lot of goods, and killed a number of the employees. The evening before this attack Col. Lowrey discovered that some of his pack-horses or goods were left behind at Fort Bedford, and he at once returned for them, and arrived back at the camp about daylight, when he discovered the destruction of the camp, and the Indians discovered him about the same time. They undertook to capture him. He took to the mountains, pursued by a number of savages. They followed him for more than a hundred miles, and when some of them arrived at the Susquehanna River, opposite Col. Lowrey's home in Donegal, they discovered him in the middle of the river astride of a log, paddling for the eastern shore. They sent up a yell, which Col. Lowrey answered with defiance. His losses alone in this affair were more than eight thousand pounds. Some of these traders were ruined, and were thrown into jail for debt. The great losses sustained by these traders became the subject of treaties and much litigation, and but for the tenacity with which they clung to the grant from the Indians, they might have obtained one from Virginia for the northern part of the present State of Ohio.

At the Indian treaty at Fort Stan-

wix, New York, on Nov. 3d, 1768, the six nations of Indians agreed to make restitution to the traders who lost their goods in 1763 at Bloody Run. They gave them a deed or grant for a certain tract of land or country belonging to said Indian nations contained within the following boundaries: "Beginning at the south side of the little Conhawa Creek where it empties into the River Ohio, and running from thence southeast to the Laurel Hill until it strikes the River Monongahela; thence down the stream of the said River Monongahela according to the several courses thereof to the southern boundary line of the province of Pennsylvania; thence westerly along the course of the said province boundary line as far as the same shall extend, and from thence by the same course to the River Ohio; thence down the said River Ohio according to the several courses thereof to the place of beginning, in compensation and satisfaction for the losses sustained by said traders."

This grant of the Indians was confirmed by the king of England. It will be seen from the description of the boundary lines of this grant that it embraced much of the land in the grant to the "Ohio Company," and as the former had a deed from the six nations of Indians who claimed to own the land by reason of conquest, in addition to their title from the king of England, it was thought their title was perfect, and much better

than the Ohio Company's. The revolution came on before the "Indiana company" could effect a settlement on their land, and in the meantime the State of Virginia claimed ownership and jurisdiction to all the land as far north as Pittsburg. Recourse was had to the "House of Burgesses," in Virginia, for relief, and at one period of the discussion Virginia offered an equally large tract of land in the northwest territory, near the lakes, if the company would abandon all claim to the grant in Virginia. The highest legal authorities in England, and some of the brightest minds in Virginia, among whom was Patrick Henry, declared that the title to these Indian traders was perfect. But Virginia believed in the law of force, and prevented all settlements by the "Indiana Company." The insincerity and injustice of Virginia was shown in their treatment of George Croghan, who, at the treaty at Fort Stanwix in 1768, obtained privately a deed for a large tract of land along the Ohio, below Pittsburg, within the jurisdiction of the province of Pennsylvania. Virginia, with great promptness, ratified the grant. Croghan thereafter acknowledged himself a subject of Virginia, and sided with that colony against the province of Pennsylvania. The liberality with which Virginia granted patents for land within the province of Pennsylvania to all who applied for them, and Lord Dunmore's fair promises, led a number of worthy persons in

the vicinity of Pittsburg to embrace the Loyal cause. Some returned and supported the American cause. One of the brightest of them went over to the British through the influence of Lord Dunmore. I refer to Dr. John Connelly, the half-brother of Gen. James Ewing, both of whom were born upon the farm of James Patterson, the Indian trader, in Conestoga Manor, and who was also the half-brother of Mrs. James Lowrey.

Dr. Connelly went with Col. Wilkins' Irish contingent to Kaskaskia in 1768, where he married a daughter of Mr. Sampson, of Fort Pitt. He became largely engaged in "ventures" up the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers, which proved disastrous, and he became indebted to the "company's" store at Kaskaskia in the sum of several thousand pounds. He then returned to Pittsburg, where Dunmore made him commandant, and gave him large grants of land at the falls of the Ohio.

Col. Alex. Lowrey raised a battalion of militia in Donegal, and marched to Brandywine, and participated in that battle, September 11th, 1777. He was in the saddle day and night, urging the patriotic men of the neighboring townships to strike for their independence. He lent his credit, and gave large sums of money to sustain the holy cause. He was a member of the State Senate, and for a number of terms a member of the House of Representatives of the State, during the revolutionary period

and subsequent to that period. In 1784, when past his sixtieth year, the government selected him and Capt. John Boggs to bring the several Indian tribes in Ohio and Indiana to the treaty at Fort McIntosh, at the mouth of Beaver River. Upon another occasion he was selected to bring in some Indian tribes to a treaty at Detroit, and the commissioners gave what they supposed was a reasonable time to collect the tribes and bring them to the fort. Col. Lowrey surprised them by arriving at Detroit very unexpectedly at the head of a large number of Indians of both sexes, with children of all sizes. Col. Alex. Lowrey died upon his plantation at Marietta, January 30th, 1805, aged seventy-nine years.

Theodore Roosevelt, in his "Winning of the West," has done great injustice to the pioneer settlers of Pennsylvania, who crossed the Alleghanies and made settlements some years before Boone and others went from the Carolinas to Kentucky and Tennessee. Many of the Indian traders of Pennsylvania were the most substantial, wealthiest and prominent citizens of the province, and to them belongs much of the credit for discovering the rich valleys and prairies of the west, to which they pointed the way to future settlers many years prior to the period named by Mr. Roosevelt as the date of the settlement west of the Alleghanies. His comments upon the policy of William Penn in his treat-

ment of the Indians is a libel upon the truth of history. For nearly fifty years not a single white man was killed by the Indians. He speaks of the Pennsylvanians as if they were poltroons and cowards. More than ten years before Boone went to Kentucky, Col. John Armstrong of Carlisle, Pa., marched at the head of three hundred and seven of his Scotch-Irish neighbors, and marched two hundred miles over the mountains into the heart of the Indian country and destroyed Katoning, their town on the Alleghany.

At the battle of Loyal Hannon west of the Alleghanies in the fall of 1758, under Gen. Forbes, the Penn-

sylvanians under the command of Col. James Burd, Captains Shippen, Lloyd, Patterson, Ewing and others, acquitted themselves with honor. There was also a company of Pennsylvanians recruited west of the mountains who marched with Gen. Clark in his conquest of Illinois.

The author of the "Winning of the West" is entirely too fresh in the summary way in which he brushes contemporaneous writers of pioneer history aside, and his loose comments on events of which he knew nothing except from hearsay.

SAMUEL EVANS.

Columbia, Pa.

THE BENCH AND BAR OF NEW YORK.

THE MARINE COURT.

THE present City Court of New York is the oldest of the municipal judicial tribunals, having more than one hundred years ago had its origin as a branch of the old Justices' Court. This was in 1797, and it existed as such until the year 1819, when it was made a separate court and became the Marine Court of the City of New York. For many years, in fact until 1872, this was the busiest of all the local courts and many thousands of causes were decided before it, many of its justices attaining to distinguished prominence. In 1883 by act of the Legislature, it was changed in name,

and became known as the City Court.

HON. HENRY ALKER.

IN the historic annals of the Marine Court no name occupies a more prominent place than that of Judge Henry Alker, who was for eighteen years a Justice of that court, during the greater period of that term serving as Chief Justice. His father was a manufacturer of porcelain at St. Amand in the Department of Cher, France, where the subject of this sketch was born on the 31st of May, 1820. In 1826 the elder Alker came to America with his family, having been engaged

by an association of American and English capitalists to establish and manage a large plant in Jersey City, N. J., for the manufacture of this same porcelain or "French china," as it was called. The site of the works was on the old Henderson estate, and the village was then only a little hamlet of about fifty houses, the situation of the present Grand street. There was only one small church, and, just adjoining it, a little frame building in which the village school was held. Here it was that young Alker, under the tutelage of William Williams, the country school-master, received his first instruction in the rudiments of an education.

The family not long after this removed to New York City, where they permanently settled, and the son continued his studies in a private school until 1836, when he commenced the study of the law in the office of Thomas S. Brady, Esq., father of the late James T. Brady and of Judge John R. Brady of the New York Supreme Court. He soon became a favorite with both father and sons, and enjoyed the counsel, advice and instruction of the elder. James T. Brady began the practice of his profession the following year, and the young student entered his office, where he remained until the spring of 1841, when, having attained his majority, he was admitted to practice at a General Term of the Court of Common Pleas for the City and County of New York.

An affection of the eyes compelled a cessation of study at this time and he sailed for Europe. The trip consumed over twenty-five days, and on his arrival he immediately repaired to Paris, where he was for over a year under the professional care of the famous Dr. Hahneman, then over eighty years of age. The result of this treatment was that he returned to New York in the fall of 1842 fully recovered in health and sight.

In July of the following year, at a General Term of the Supreme Court held at Utica, he was admitted to practice in that court, and the following winter opened an office at No. 27 Beekman street in New York City, and entered into the active practice of his profession. In 1859 Mr. Alker was tendered the Democratic nomination for Justice of the Marine Court, which he accepted and was elected by a handsome majority. He filled his high office with such distinction that at the expiration of his term in 1865, he was renominated without opposition, and re-elected for a further term of six years. Again in 1871 the party called him to take the nomination on its ticket, but through the formidable uniting of all the other parties against the Democrats, the entire ticket was defeated. On the 20th day of December in the same year Judge Alker, entirely without solicitation on his part, received the appointment of Public Administrator. This appointment gave general satisfaction, as it was considered but

a just recognition of his high character and ability as a judge. Although but a brief period in this office he inaugurated a number of changes and reforms which met with common approval, among them that of crediting the estates with the interest allowed by the banks in which estate monies were deposited. Once more in 1872 he was nominated by the Democrats for Justice of the Marine Court, and again elected. After serving the six years his name was on the Tammany ticket for a fifth term. The division in the ranks of the Democratic party, however, permitted the election of the Republican candidate, by only a very small plurality. His term of office having expired, he resumed the practice of the law, which he continued up to the time of his death.

During the greater part of the years from 1861 to 1866, when the number of Justices of the Marine Court was limited to three, Judge Alker was compelled to do the greater part of the work alone, as for a considerable part of the time his associates were absent on account of prolonged and severe illness. The labor was enhanced on account of there being at that time no court stenographers, and the judge was obliged to keep the minutes of the cases on trial before him. This, of course, added greatly to the tasks of the presiding judge, but so painstaking and thorough was Judge Alker that there was never a time in the history of the court when its reputation stood higher or

when its administration gave more universal satisfaction. In his legal decisions he has been said to have had in a marked degree those most essential qualifications of the justice, integrity, strict impartiality and conscientiousness. He held the respect and esteem not only of his associates, but of the legal fraternity as well, and many a young practitioner had cause to remember his kindly advice and encouragement.

We are privileged to quote from the remarks of Judge McAdam of the City Court, when granting a motion to adjourn out of respect to Judge Alker's memory, as follows:

"I had the pleasure of knowing Judge Alker intimately; I knew him first while I was a practitioner—he a judge. I never missed an opportunity of trying cases before him, and tried a great many.

"No matter what the question or who the parties the case always received proper treatment. He was my associate on the Bench for six years, and my previous high opinion of him was confirmed. He was an unflinching friend of justice—a bitter enemy to anything mean or cunning. No case ever left his hands without conscientious consideration, and I am sure he never knowingly did any act of injustice. No judge ever left a purer record. He honored his official position more than its humble position could possibly honor him."

As the excellent portrait of Judge Alker which we are permitted to pre-

sent will show, he was a genial, generous nature. This not only inspired the love of his family, but gained for him the warm affection of the many outside of that circle who had first admired him for his abilities and honor. Charitable, generous, ever ready with a kind word or act, his was certainly a friendship to be prized. What he believed to be right he did, as witness his chairmanship of the Parnell Reception Committee, in January, 1880, which others were, for reason of the remarks of a portion of the press, as to its possible communistic character, too timid to undertake.

Judge Alker was married June 6, 1846, to Miss Marie C. S. Hix, who is a granddaughter of Lefevvre de Mareuil, a French nobleman of high rank and at one time an *attache* of the household of Marie Antoinette. There

were eight children born to them, of whom two sons and four daughters survive. The elder son, Alphonse H. Alker, continues in his father's practice in New York City.

Judge Alker was a firm supporter of the doctrines of the Roman Catholic church, though opposed to any of its acts in which bigotry or intolerance were noticeable. He received the last sacraments before his death, which took place at his residence in New York City, November 23, 1886, following a stroke of paralysis four days previously.

The remark of a personal friend of his to the writer will best express the opinion of others—"A good, a just, an honorable and honest man. His duty well done in life; in death he had naught to fear."

GEO. WILLIAMS TRAVERS.

SOME OF THE MINES AND MINERS OF GEORGETOWN, COLORADO.

A MORE pleasurable ride can not be taken to Colorado than in an observation car, drawn by one of the magnificent locomotives of the Union Pacific system, over the plains from Denver to the foothills and up through Clear Creek Canon to Georgetown and around the Loop.

Three thousand feet higher than Denver, Georgetown is a city set upon a hill, and yet is in the midst of mountains that rise immediately

above, three thousand feet higher than her church spires, and higher and higher, until they culminate in Gray's Peak, not far away. Here about four thousand people live, leading, for the most part, the lives of miners.

Standing upon Leavenworth mountain, which overlooks the city, I said to Col. G. W. Hall (widely known as a capitalist whose wealth has come from successful mining):

"How many of the citizens of Georgetown and vicinity are now in these mountains, in these mines, at work?"

"About two thousand," was the deliberate answer.

"This, in part, will account for the comparatively deserted streets of your city, then, during the day or business hours?"

"Yes."

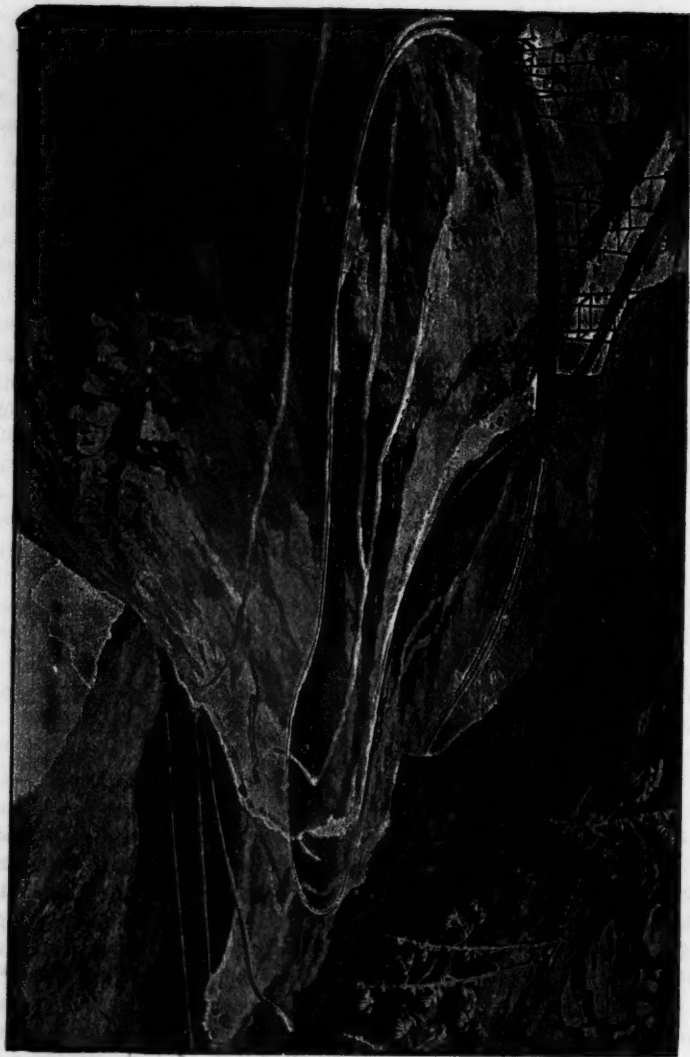
Beneath our feet and within the neighboring mountains were these miners at work at that hour, in shafts and tunnels and slopes, whence these "under-earth inhabitants" and their predecessors have taken more than \$40,000,000 of ore since its first discovery upon the present site of the city by the Griffith brothers, just thirty-one years ago.

The *Western World*, in a recent issue, has this to say:

In all directions from Georgetown lie mines of exceeding richness and large production, but the few miles intervening between Georgetown, Silver Plume and Bakerville have proven especially rich in gold and silver ores. The Terrible, with its tremendous mill and machinery, with an output of \$3,500,000; the Diamond Tunnel properties, with a product of \$500,000 to their credit, and the adjoining Baltimore properties, with \$800,000 as a return for the faith in them; the Seven-Thirty, with its surface of 100 acres and a record of \$1,000,000, with a monthly increase of \$10,000; the Pelican-Dives, with a

production of \$4,000,000 to account for its immense development; the Mendota, opened by the Victoria tunnel, 1,088 feet in length, with a product of \$25,947,100 during the past six years; the Stevens, with \$750,000 as an output, and each and every one of these properties working large and increasing forces of men, adding heavier machinery as depth demands, is a record on which Georgetown is proud to place itself as one of the most successful mining towns in the United States. The mentioned properties constitute only one group of the immense number tributary to Georgetown. The great Freeland, on Trail Creek, has a credit of \$1,500,000, and in view of the city is the Magnet-Sequel, \$250,000; the Astor Group, \$250,000; the Silver Cliff, \$80,000; the Fred Rogers, \$300,000; the Griffith, \$200,000; the Benton, \$200,000; the Red Elephant, \$500,000, and the Jo. Reynolds, \$250,000. There are still scores of mines in this country producing monthly from two to five, ten, twenty, and even thirty thousand dollars.

"Leavenworth," is the name of one of the many significantly surnamed mountains overhanging Georgetown. Along its southern base runs Silver Creek; along its northern Clear Creek falls and foams on its way down the Canon. It is between Leavenworth and Republican Mountains that the famous "Loop" is located.



THE BOW KNOT LOOP, NEAR GEORGETOWN, COLORADO, (Upon the line of the Union Pacific R. R.)

Upon the southern slope of this mountain are the celebrated mines owned and operated by the Colorado Central Consolidated Mining Company. The properties consist of the Marshall Tunnel, the Robeson Tunnel, the Thompson Tunnel, the O. K. Tunnel and the following lodes, to wit: Wm. B. Astor, Bull Dog, Reynolds, Tunnel Lodes No. 2, No. 3, No. 5, No. 6, No. 7, No. 8, No. 10. The O. K. Lode, the Robeson Lode, The Tilden, The Wash Lewis, the Henry, the Excelsior, also the famous Colorado Central. Those especially named are one continuous vein enormously rich, as well as extensive, and they alone form the largest continuous vein of rich ore deposit in any one combination among the valuable and prominent mining properties of Colorado.

For several years Col. Hall was the Colorado manager of these mines, and their successful development may be attributed to his long-continued service as a practical miner and their superintendent. He still is a director and holds a large interest therein.

The Hall tunnel, in Leavenworth Mountain, is 2,300 feet—just half the distance to its objective point.

Tunneling for ore is one of the latest methods of prospecting. The old way—with burro and outfit, crawling over the surface of the mountain, scratching its sides, or working a rocker in gulches—is not altogether a thing of the past. That

was one of the first pages in the history and science of mining. Such an enterprise was hardly business, but merely adventure, involving little capital but requiring hardihood and perseverance. These surface indications often led, and still lead, to the revelation of some of the richest deposits. But until they are prosecuted to a continuously paying quantity they are called "Prospects," not mines. Evidences of such prospecting may be seen in every mining country. They abound around Georgetown. Every prospect has a history. Success or failure is written over the entrance of each.

How light or how heavy may have been the heart of the prospector, as he came out of its earthen door for the last time, a millionaire or a mendicant!

One of the latest methods of projecting these tunnels—of prospecting *in the very heart* of the mountains—is in the use or application of compressed air. It is curious to the uninformed, as I proved to be. The air, wandering over the mountains, exerting in this altitude a uniform pressure less than fifteen pounds to the square inch, is arrested and imprisoned until its efforts to escape reach a pressure of one hundred pounds to the square inch. It is then conducted by pipes to the breast of the tunnel, where it is allowed to regain its liberty *after* forcing steel drills into the rock's refractory heart thousands of feet, it may be, away

from its iron-bound prison at the entrance of the mine.

The Hall tunnel begins on the south side of the Loop, and, by the above method, has been drilled and blasted through mineral-bearing rock to its present depth. It starts under the railroad track. The "dump" is, therefore, most advantageously located, the ore being transferred at once from the narrow-gauge railroad in the tunnel to the cars of the Union Pacific, the two tracks making connection at the tunnel's mouth.

A perpendicular section of the tunnel is about nine feet square, wide enough for the double track intended. It is projected upon a straight line. Its floor is perfectly level—that is to say, the iron rails are without curve or undulation. It is said to be the largest and best constructed tunnel in the Rocky Mountains.

Ore veins are now and then cut and passed, which Col. Hall intends to develop hereafter. He is working according to pre-conceived plans—to perfect the tunnel and then engage in development work.

George Washington Hall was born in Buffalo, N. Y., in November, 1825. Particular attention was given to his early education in Buffalo. He learned the trade of carpenter and builder, and pursued it before coming west. Two years were spent in New York City. He saw Denver for the first time September 7th, 1860. In the fall of 1862 he visited Empire, near Georgetown, where he engaged

in millwright work. There he first became interested in mining, and for a time was superintendent of the Knickerbocker Mining Company. Realizing profitably from his mining ventures, Mr. Hall returned to New York in 1865, where he remained until 1868. Since that year he has been a resident of Georgetown. The next year he rented the Georgetown Smelting Works, which had suspended operations sometime previous. In these buildings he placed new machinery for planing lumber, and operated them very successfully. Subsequently, in December, 1871, he added to the mill machinery for crushing and sampling ores. He and his son-in-law, John H. Husted, Esq., still operate these mills as partners.

As representatives of the *MAGAZINE OF WESTERN HISTORY*, Major Towne and myself, accompanied by Col. Hall, walked from end to end of Hall Tunnel with lighted candles in our hands.

At the present subterranean terminus, or breast, we were witnesses of the drilling—but not the blasting—going on in its steady, straightforward accomplishment. To see granite, buried "since creation's dawn," thus found and compelled to give up its concealed riches suggested new and strange reflections.

Col. Hall is evidently a born miner. His success in this business (and it has been uniform as well as phenomenal) is due perhaps to the one particular mental trait revealed to the

writer in the casual remark: "I never am either enthusiastic or depressed in this work."

There is much of the personality, or individuality, of Mr. Hall seemingly imparted to that tunnel. It is straightforward, systematic, progressive. It goes on to its predestined end through all obstacles. The rich revelations upon the right, and upon the left, above and below, do not enthrall or divert him from the one purpose in view; nor does the want of them depress him. The cost has been counted; the time for completion calculated; but the obstacles are not regarded, save to be overcome.

It is said one man can see as far into a stone as another. There is one faculty, however, one man may acquire and not another, by patient, practical study of mineralogy—to apprehend the presence of ore in one locality, rather than another, once having set foot upon a mountain as prospector; or in one direction rather than another, once having penetrated its bosom by tunneling.

Often has the disheartened miner been encouraged by Mr. Hall when about to despair, and by pursuing the course or direction indicated, found the rich reward which usually waits upon the patient, intelligent toil of the miner.

May the time speedily come when the silver, as well as the gold, thus laboriously found, shall have free coinage, and bearing the image and superscription of the United States

Government attain unlimited circulation.

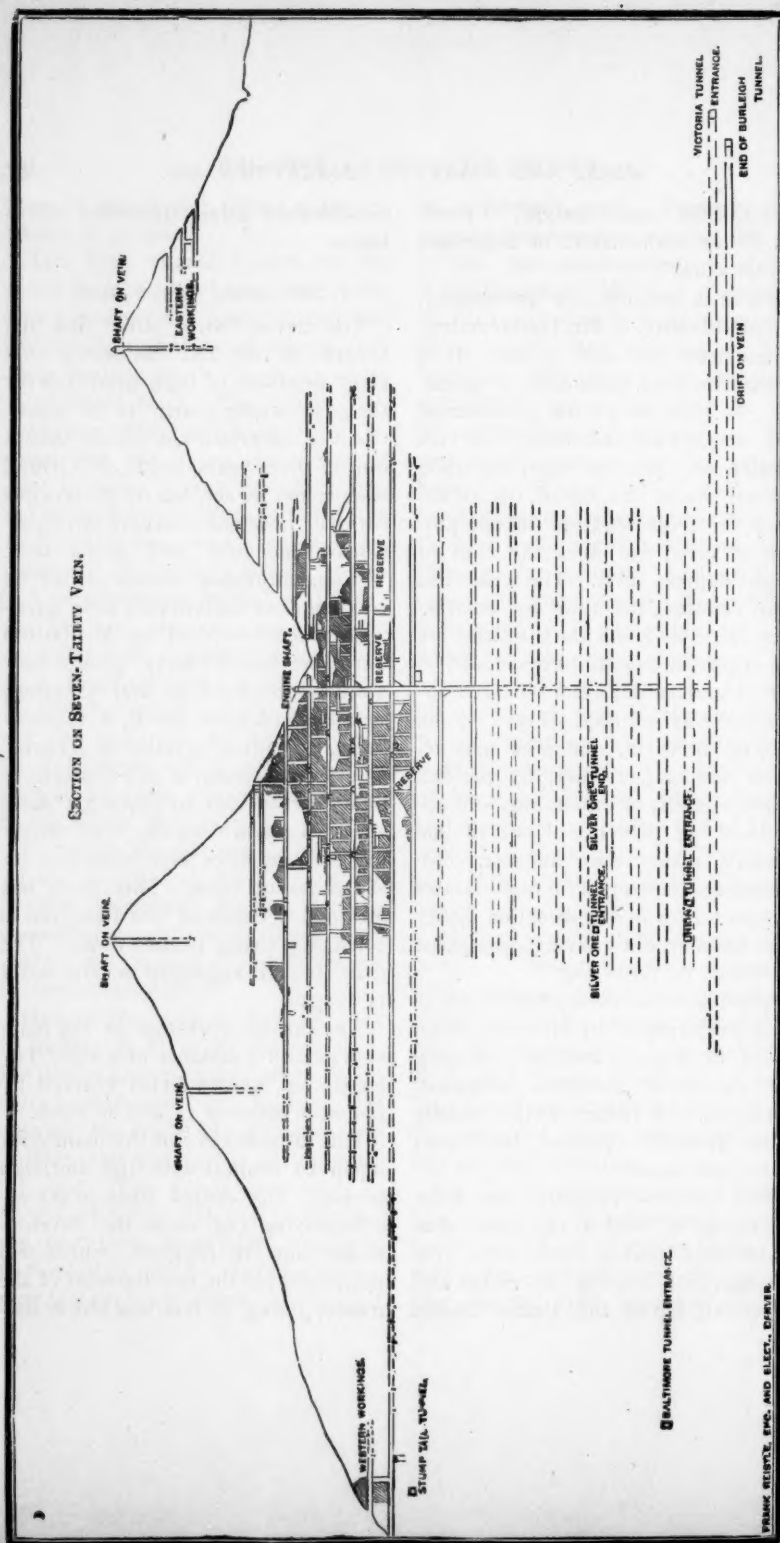
THE SEVEN-THIRTY MINE.

The Seven-Thirty mine was discovered in 1867 and has been a constant producer of high grade ore for the past twenty years. It is impossible to ascertain the total output during these years, but H. M. Griffin, the present owner, has on file receipts for over 1,000,000 ounces in silver, besides some gold and much lead. Various adjoining mines owned by companies or individuals, have gradually been absorbed by Mr. Griffin until the Seven-Thirty group now numbers between 50 and 60 mines held by deed from the U. S. Government, extending 15 miles in length.

A central system of development is being carried out by sinking a main shaft in Brown gulch, from which drifts or galleries have been run on the different veins. This shaft has attained a depth of 700 feet, and is constantly being pushed down. The drifts from it aggregate several miles in length.

The surface workings on the main vein extend a distance of a mile. The length on known veins covered by patent is between 15 and 20 miles.

It is intended to sink the main shaft down to connect with the Burleigh tunnel. The dotted lines in the accompanying cut show the developments now in progress, which will materially aid the development of the mines; giving as it would ample nat-



SEVEN-THIRTY MINE, GEORGETOWN, CLEAR CREEK COUNTY, COL.

ural ventilation, immense water power, and connection with the Colorado Central Division of the Union Pacific railway at the mouth of the tunnel.

The sinking of the main shaft to the level of the railroad will open up stoping ground on the main vein 1,500 to 2,500 feet high, and on some of the other veins a much greater depth. It is estimated by competent engineers, that on the vein chiefly opened there is (between the present workings and the lower tunnel level) nineteen times as much ground as has already been stoped; if this is no richer than that now being worked it would yield \$19,000,000.

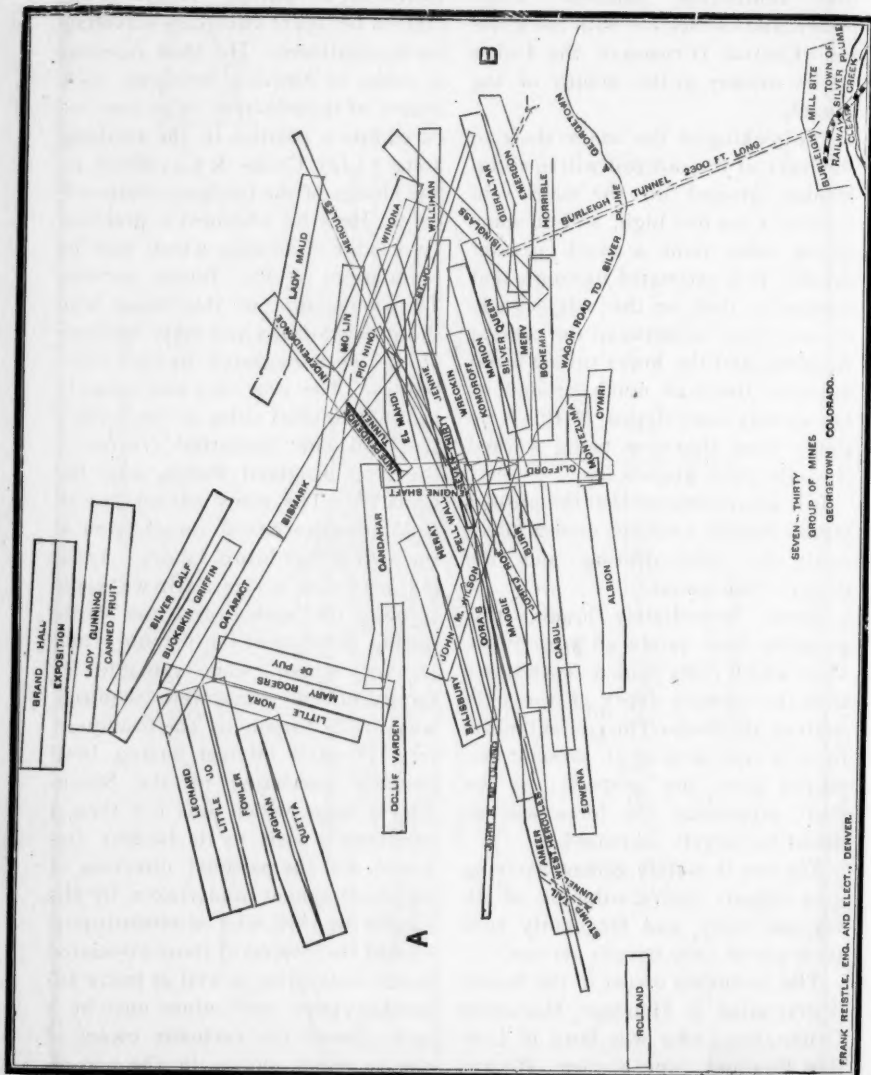
It is also estimated that the present stopes contain 1,000,000 ounces silver ready for concentrating, and the dump a like amount.

Mines immediately joining this property have produced \$10,000,000, all of which came from a depth lower than the present depth of the main shaft on the Seven-Thirty. A limited force of 100 men is at present employed upon the property; as the shaft progresses the force will no doubt be largely increased.

The ore is mainly galena, carrying gray copper, native, sulphide of silver, and ruby, and frequently runs from 500 to 1,000 ounces per ton.

The fortunate owner of the Seven-Thirty mine is Heneage Mackenzie Griffin, Esq., who was born in London, England, June, 1, 1848. He was educated at Christ Church, in the

University of Oxford. After leaving Oxford he spent two years traveling on the continent. He then resolved to come to America, bringing such letters of introduction as at once secured him a position in the banking house of Jay Cooke & Co., where he had charge of the foreign correspondence. Here he obtained a practical knowledge of finance which was the foundation of his future success. The connection of this house with the great railroad and other interests of the west suggested its vast possibilities. The year 1873 was spent in visiting the chief cities of the eastern seaboard, the industrial centres of the New England States, and the Canadas. The many advantages of Colorado determined its selection as the field of his future labors. Arriving in Denver in 1874, a trip was made through the agricultural and cattle raising portions of the Territory, and Denver, where some valuable interests in real estate were acquired, was decided upon as the headquarters. A small interest having been casually purchased in the Seven-Thirty mine, which was not then a producer, a visit to its locality followed, and the personal direction of its development undertaken by Mr. Griffin in 1878, who afterwards purchased the interest of those associated in the enterprise as well as many adjoining claims and mines until he is now almost the exclusive owner of the 60 mines shown in the accompanying illustration.



Mr. Griffin has the reputation of being one of the richest men in Colorado. That has come about since 1872, when this young Englishman, without the advantage of financial backing, but with extraordinary natural business qualifications, super-added to a cultivated mind and the benefits of much travel and observation, determined to make America his home and devote his time and energies to the development of the abundant natural resources of the great west. Half of his life has been spent in Europe and half in America. The first half was the period devoted to his intellectual culture and the acquirement of the varied accomplishments of a gentleman. A descendant of a family which can justly claim "gentle blood and long derived lineage," he found himself at his majority placed at a disadvantage by the law of entail and primogeniture, the effect of which is to give the first son the ancestral estate, its revenue, and honors. It is the old story, that which precipitated the settlement of the New England colonies, the younger sons, as a rule, leaving the old stately homes of England and coming to our shores to seek fields for the exercise of all their faculties untrammelled by social barriers, unaffected by the vestiges of the feudal laws of baronial, castellated England. Mr. Griffin has therefore within his breast a divided heart, one half filled with affection and reverence for the land which gave him birth and edu-

tion, where his ancestral line stretches back to the conquest. The other half is thrilled with admiration for the land of his adoption, whose mountains of silver and gold in the Commonwealth of Colorado have yielded their riches at the touch of his wand, until his revenue at present is commensurate with that of the President of the United States.

His father, Alfred Griffin, Barrister at Law, of the Middle Temple, London, married Elizabeth, only daughter of Commander Sandey, of the Royal Navy, one of Nelson's officers, and upon the death of the great uncle of Mr. Griffin, in 1855, succeeded to his estates in Staffordshire and Shropshire, and became resident at Brand Hall, in the latter county.

He was a member of the Conservative Club, closely allied with the interests of that party, and the personal friend of Lord Beaconsfield, their eminent leader. At his death in 1867, his estates devolved upon his eldest surviving son, Marten Harcourt Griffin, of Brand Hall, Shropshire, and Pell Wall Hall, Staffordshire, who married Isabella, daughter of the Hon. and Rev. W. H. Spencer, and granddaughter of Francis Almeric first Lord Churchill, by Lady Frances Fitz Roy, daughter of the third Duke of Grafton.

The Griffins bear arms sable, a Griffin Segreant, argent, beak and fore legs or, and by the ancient usages of heraldry are entitled to quarter the arms of the noble fami-

lies of Favell, La Warr, Latimer, Braybrook, Newmarch, Ledet, Folioth and Reincourt, several of whom came into England with the Conqueror. The surname Griffin is of heraldic origin, signifying, as is well known, half lion and half eagle. It therefore symbolizes the life which Mr. Griffin has led, half in England and half in America—the land that acknowledges England to be its venerable and aristocratic mother.

Mr. Griffin has refrained from taking part in American politics, although when in England he allied himself to the cause championed by his father and others of his family, and was elected a member of the Conservative Club at the early age of 18. The bent of his interests in this country is better shown in his election in 1884 a life member of the American Institute of Mining Engineers, and in 1889 Associate member of the Colorado Scientific Society.

COL. JOHN M. S. EGAN.

Col. John M. S. Egan, manager of the Pay Rock Consolidated Mining and Milling Company, situated upon Republican Mountain, reached this responsible position through training in nature's school of mines, in which he himself was both teacher and pupil, with the surrounding mountains as his field of study and investigation. As a basis, however, of this self-acquired education as a scientific miner, Col. Egan had extensive scholastic training in England.

He was seven years at Stonyhurst, in the north of England, famous as a university all over Europe, from which he graduated when twenty years of age. His mastery of the languages, ancient and modern, especially qualified him for the cosmopolitan life he has since led. Travel over Europe followed the completion of his collegiate course. A voyage to the West Indies was taken for the benefit of his health, the partial failure of which resulted in a change of his plans.

His father was an officer in the British army, as were his remoter ancestors for several generations. At the West Indies Col. Egan met his uncle, De Lisle, who was stationed there as American Consul. While there the United States man-of-war *Tuscaroras* came into port. Becoming acquainted with the commander, W. W. Queen (now admiral in the U. S. navy), and other officers, partly through the fact that he acted as interpreter and as *chaperon*, Col. Egan became so infatuated with his associates and their vocation that he determined to enter the U. S. Marine, and did so, with his accustomed decision of character, thereby becoming an American citizen and an officer upon the seas under our flag. He remained sixteen months in this service. Born in Tipperary county, Ireland, September 29th, 1849, we find this somewhat chequered career to have been enacted before he reached his majority. The next im-

portant step was a visit to the Rocky Mountains, of which and of their mineral wealth he had heard much from Commander Queen on ship-board. These remembrances, coupled with an invitation from a cousin living then in Georgetown, induced a trip to the mountain land of Clear Creek county, of which his personal history has become an interesting and important part since 1872. At this period his mining education began, and began in the usual way, as prospector and practical miner. He was eight years underground, and passed through all the grades and phases peculiar to that life of privations and disappointments, the exultations of hope and the humiliations of failure, failures that left the aspiring and determined young miner often without money, but never without friends, and the resource of a cultivated mind, versatile genius, and a quenchless ambition to succeed. During this formative period Col. Egan made several important discoveries, such as the "Zouave" and the "Santry Lode" (named in honor of his mother), now embraced in the Pay Rock system, and the "Mary Egan" shaft, which bears the name of his daughter, a mine now yielding very rich ore.

Upon the consolidation of mines comprising the great Pay Rock system, Col. Egan was made general manager. This event was in the nature of a diploma from the great school of mines of which he had been

such a devoted and laborious student, although since 1881 he has been more or less engaged in managing individual mining properties. Col. Egan is also manager of the Silver Age Mining and Milling Company. This producing mine is situated near Idaho Springs, and gives constant employment to about seventy miners.

Silver and silver legislation have an able and conspicuous advocate in Col. Egan. He was one of the first—indeed, the first—to move in the matter of calling the first National Silver Convention, which was held in St. Louis in November, 1889. He is one of the existing National Executive Committee appointed by that convention, and consisting of the following gentlemen, besides of national reputation: A. J. Warner, Chairman; Thomas Fitch, Vice-President, and Edwards Pierrepont, New York; F. Y. Newlands, Nevada; L. M. Rumsey, Missouri; Frank M. Pixley, California; John L. Cochran, Virginia; Thomas H. Nelson, Indiana; J. M. S. Egan, Colorado. That convention, recognizing Col. Egan's place in the history of that body, passed the following:

Resolved, That a vote of thanks is due Hon. John M. S. Egan, of Colorado, for his faithful services and assistance in promoting the National Silver Convention.

During the administration of Gov. Alva Adams, Col. Egan served upon his staff as aid-de-camp with the rank of colonel. He was a candidate for

Presidential elector upon the Cleveland ticket in 1884, and was also the choice of his party for State Legislature in the same year, but with his party suffered defeat.

His qualities of heart and mind render him a favorite with the people, and many are the expressions of personal regard concerning the Colonel which have fallen upon the ears of the writer.

Col. Egan finds himself to-day six

thousand miles from his nativity. When he exchanged one flag for another, as the symbol of his loyalty, he did so without a mental reservation, without casting a lingering look behind, save in remembrance of two places—the one that gave him birth, and the other, education. He is now a devoted and public-spirited citizen of the silver commonwealth of Colorado.

HENRY DUDLEY TEETOR.

THE MENDOTA MINE.

This mine is in the Griffith Mining District upon Sherman Mountain, about three miles above Georgetown. It is in close proximity to the Seven-Thirty. This property was discovered December 20, 1866, by Messrs. J. D. Tourtelotte, Dubois Tooker and R. B. Simpson, who were the owners until December, 1879, when it passed to Professor L. O. Old, who is still the owner.

As a matter of statistical history, illustrating how a mine may be managed as a regular business, and steadily increase under experienced management, the following figures are submitted. The falling off in 1887 was due to being troubled with water and the lower workings filling. Previous to 1882 the total assay value of gold, silver and lead was \$23,626.29. Subsequent returns show:

During 1882 it was	\$16,356.74
" 1883 " "	34,376.05
" 1884 " "	73,596.17

During 1885 " "	63,889.14
" 1886 " "	95,802.67
" 1887 " "	42,112.86
" 1888 " "	31,970.73
" 1889 " "	48,034.76

From January 1, 1890, to July 11, (the time of this writing) it is \$43,657.54, making a total yield of gold, silver and lead of nearly half a million dollars since its discovery.

It will be observed that the output for the first half of the current year is nearly equal to the whole of 1889. At this rate the mine will doubtless reach its record for 1886, if it does not exceed it.

A lump of ore brought from the lower depths of this mine is in my possession. It is a rare specimen of argentiferous galena, showing gray copper, which latter, as it always is rich in silver, adds greatly to the value of the mine. The ore, briefly stated, is a combination of lead, zinc, copper, iron and silver, with a little

gold carried in the iron and copper.

The improvement or developments ending December 31, 1889, comprised the following totals:

Aggregate depth of all shafts, 838 feet.

Aggregate length of all levels, 3,090 feet.

Aggregate length of inter-levels, 701 feet.

Aggregate depth of all winzes, 190 feet.

Aggregate height of all raisers, 852 feet.

Aggregate fathoms of all stoping, 1,398 feet.

The total length of the Victoria Tunnel (also owned by Mr. Old), through which all the mining on the Mendota is done, is 1,088 feet.

Robert Orchard Old, owner of the Mendota mine, was born October 28, 1829, in Somersetshire, England. From earliest boyhood he has had books for his companions, beginning his business life in a printing and book binding establishment. He came to America in 1847 and began to work his way upward to his present position by clerking in a drug store in New York city. Later he was at Chicago, engaged in the sale of magazine literature. For a while he was local editor of the *Chicago Courant*, afterwards merged in and now the *Chicago Times*.

In the spring of 1853, he opened a book store in that city; in 1855 he opened another book store in Elgin. He moved to Nebraska in 1858, and

settled on a farm near Nebraska City. It was at this period that Professor Old began to take an interest in the region of country, then becoming famed for its discoveries of gold, known as "Pike's Peak," now Colorado, and wrote letters to the *Elgin (Ill.) Gazette*, on "Immigration to the new Eldorado of the West."

The shadow of misfortune in business fell across his pathway at this period. He determined at once to go himself to the country of which he had been writing. Professor Old "walked across the plains—he was thirty-two days in crossing—arriving in Denver July 9, 1860, without money and without resources," but made his way to Canon City, arriving there in the middle of August. Here he soon became active and prominent in town affairs, becoming one of the company of the new town, engaging in successful business, general merchandising, and was elected under the "Citizen's Code" one of the Committee of Safety, known as the "Committee of Three." It was in June of 1861 that Governor Gilpin visited that city, giving occasion to the first flag raising in the Rocky Mountains, an account of which, from the pen of Professor Old, is in the August (1890) number of this Magazine.

Mining first engaged his attention about this time. He removed to Montgomery, when there was but one tent on the present site of that town. He built the first frame house there. "Mt. Lincoln," near Montgomery,

was thus named by Professor Old, the suggestion being made at a meeting of his fellow-citizens held at his residence. He went to Gilpin county in 1867, where he engaged in shipping ores to smelting firms in Swansea, Wales. It was in the fall of this year that Professor Old made his first trip to Georgetown, from which he began, at once, to ship ore, not only to Swansea, but to Liverpool and London. In London, England, he established a Bureau of Mines, for which he had for some time labored and been preparing. His life became settled and active and successful from this date. As the agent of European companies, he bought and shipped ores extensively. It was in the winter of 1869-70, that Professor Old negotiated and perfected the sale of the "Terrible" mine to parties in London, for one hundred thousand pounds sterling. From this sale he profited, though not largely. For two years he was the agent of the Terrible Mining Company. In 1871 he became the owner of the Dunderberg, and subsequently of the Sub-Treasury and Silver Chain Mines. These interests, together with the East Terrible, owned by Gen. William A. Hamill, he sold to a New York syndicate for \$600,000. This leads us to the period of his purchase of the Mendota.

Professor Old is one of the most successful mine owners of Clear Creek county. His views upon mining affairs are very highly regarded.

In 1869 he published and distributed free 20,000 of his work, entitled, "Colorado, its History, Geography and Mining," and in 1872 he published a second and enlarged edition of which he distributed 30,000. A felicitous writer says, "By his labors and munificence, Professor Old has rendered invaluable aid to the general interests of Colorado. Few have done more for the country, few are more worthy of reward, and none deserve the advantages of wealth better than Robert Orchard Old."

Mr. and Mrs. Old have lived at "The Grove," their cottage-homestead, a pretty retired spot at the foot of Republican Mountain, Georgetown, for more than twenty years—a home surrounded by shade and fruit trees and blooming plants, while carefully tended conservatories occupy both ends of a vine-shaded porch.

Miss Carrie Lell Old, an only daughter, is a teacher of drawing and painting in the Denver Conservatory of music, elocution and art. Evidences of her rare talents embellish her father's home—a home likewise remarkable for its many paintings, art works, literary and mineral collections.

His son, John William Old, now eighteen years of age, is a graduate from the Georgetown High School, class of 1890. He will enter the School of Mines at Golden this fall, intending to take a four years' course, with a view to becoming a scientific, as well as practical miner. His pre-

liminary lesson now consists of spending every business day in the Mendota, where the usual hardship of mining is willingly endured. His address, on graduating, was upon "Modern Inventions," and shows an investigating mind, his reflections bearing largely upon improvements in the business for which he is being so systematically educated.

The following, from the pen of Prof. Old, written eighteen years ago, reads like a prophecy, which many since have been enabled to see fulfilled:

"THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS."

"To the tourist as well as to the scientific traveler the Rocky Mountains of America, in their vastness, altitude, structure, variety of scenery, game, etc., are gradually, as they become more known, increasing in the charm they possess for the first, and the interest they create with the latter for their closer study. Since having been made accessible by railway, the enjoyment of being rapidly, and in the most luxurious manner, transported to their base, without the old wearying effort of a week to four weeks' travel across the great plains, is most delightful and comforting; and as the present means of intercommunication, inaugurated and rapidly being pushed forward, is developed, the desire among all classes to visit their recesses (both

pleasure and scenery, and the discovery, as it were, of a new continent being promised) will increase and strengthen. Attractive as have been the Scotch Highlands, Lakes of Killarney, North Wales, Westmoreland, and the Swiss Alps, with other home and foreign resorts of pleasure, attention will soon be divided between these places and the more varied attractions and greater extent of the Rocky Mountains, while the latter, with the difficulties of approach from this country each year lessening, must witness an increasing number of visitors, particularly as like a new leaf turned in a work of merit, in whose unfolding the most intense interest centre, this vast region presents to science a new and most extensive field for research and study, offering to the geologist the opportunity of increasing his store of knowledge, and possibly the means of perfecting his chart of the earth's crust; to the mineralogist the assurance that a vast and varied mineral wealth (unsurpassed in any country) awaits exploration and examination; to the botanist the certainty that the number of his classified plants can be largely increased; and throughout all science, to each representative of a department, the evidence that something may be learned and generalization made more perfect."

HENRY DUDLEY TEETOR.

CHICAGO PRIOR TO 1840.

ENTER THE FIRST CHICAGO.

WHEN that genial, seasoned, ripened pioneer, Gurdon S. Hubbard, dropped out of this world in the fall of 1887, taking with him his good, worn face, the living connection was severed between the first Chicago settlers and those of our generation. For nearly three score years and ten Mr. Hubbard swung like a steady pendulum between Mackinac Island, Lake Huron, and the country of the Illinois. Whether packing furs at Mackinac for John Jacob Astor, or, as his agent, putting himself into the hands of the wily savages of Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan and Indiana—whether as a sturdy youth and business man at Fort Dearborn, or as a patient old gentleman, his sight nearly gone, now visiting the friends of those early, stirring days in Chicago, and then speeding away to the refreshing breezes, summer resorts and dear memories of Mackinac—it matters not where, when or how we find Gurdon Hubbard, he was the same practical, untiring hero, admired and loved for his industry, bravery, ability and kindness: so that when he dropped out of the world those who knew the history of Chicago felt that a link between the past and the present had been lost forever; for who be-

side Mr. Hubbard had ever told of a person who could testify that Chicago had a settler prior to 1778? Mr. Hubbard told not only of one person, but of several voyageurs whom, as employes of the American Fur Company, he had met at Mackinac Island. Hubbard was a boy; they were old men in 1818. For forty years they had made an annual trip between Lake Michigan and the Illinois river, and during their first journey they had seen a small trading house, enclosed by pickets, situated on the west side of the north branch of the Chicago river, about where Fulton street now is. Its former occupant was a Frenchman, and it was by his name, Guarie, that this branch of the river was known for many years. A certain Antoine Deschamps, Hubbard's superior in the fur company, took particular pains during one of their stays at Fort Dearborn to point out the corn hills once planted by Guarie, at that time overgrown with grass. What manner of man this Chicago pioneer was, history saith not, nor even tradition, and his abandoned hut probably went up in smoke from an Indian's wigwam.

Although a San Domingo mulatto, the personality of the next man to

venture into the domains of the aborigines, emerges into clearer view. The local historian has cracked very many jokes at the handsome, ambitious Baptiste Pointe de Saible, his facetiousness usually taking this form: "the first white settler of Chicago was a black man." But the fact remains that our dashing mulatto, transplanted from Hayti to Fort Chartres (French capital of the Illinois country), could not live there as an English subject, and fled in disgust to the Pottawattamies of the Chicago region. It is said that his ambition was to become a chief—the chief of the tribe, and invite his countrymen of Hayti, the friends and supporters of France, to his home and his honors. How far beyond that his ambition went, it would not be safe to say. But that he prospered financially, as French traders usually did, and that the government considered him worthy of being honored with office, are facts which come to us from the writings of the grandson of the first permanent white settler of Wisconsin. The brother of this author visited Chicago in 1794, and found Pointe de Saible to be a large man, pretty wealthy, a free drinker, and a commissioned officer of some kind. But he was no chief of the Pottawattamies, and when he sold his cabin, two years thereafter, and went to the home of a dear friend in Peoria to die, he was still bare of that honor. For sixteen years he had lived, traded and intrigued on the

banks of the Chicago river, and like many a better man both before and after his time, he had accomplished little when his achievements were measured by his ambitions. It is doubtful, in fact, whether he so much as built the cabin in which he lived, which he sold to a French trader, who in turn transferred it to John Kinzie, at the time when the first Fort Dearborn commenced to take form. But whether built by the mulatto or not, it is certain that the hardy oaken cabin dated from Revolutionary times, and even when Mr. Kinzie took possession of it, in 1804, it was quite an historic relic. The hut stood on the north side of the Chicago river upon a gently sloping bank, this locality being near the junction of the main stream with the lake. Nearly opposite was the fort which had just been completed, with two block houses at diagonal corners, the grounds and buildings being enclosed by a strong palisade. To the west of the fort was the log building used by the Indian agent, between the two structures were the storehouses, and to the south was a vegetable garden. An underground passage led from the northern side of the fort to the river. Its purposes may be imagined by the most obtuse.

Mr. Kinzie, then, moved all his possessions into the old De Saible cabin. These included, beside his scant household effects, a son between nine and ten months old and a wife of three years' standing. After run-

ning away from his home in New York; going to his birth-place, Quebec, and learning the silversmith's trade; becoming an Indian trader at Sandusky, Maumee and St. Joseph, and otherwise leading an adventurous life, John Kinzie married the widow of a British officer in 1800. Chicago had already been recognized as a center of the fur trade, and John Kinzie as a leading trader. A few months, however, before he bought the business of Le Mai, the successor of De Saible, a noteworthy event had occurred. Upon a certain day in July, 1803, Mrs. Kinzie crossed the river from Detroit to Sandwich, Canada, intending to pass a quiet day with her sister. Before evening, however, John H. Kinzie was born. While still an infant, a French voyageur, recommended for his trustworthiness, carried him from Detroit to the Kinzie home at Bartrand, on the St. Joseph River. But previous to his arrival he carefully deposited his charge against a tree, so near a brisk fire that a spark set the baby's dress ablaze, and badly burned the little one about the neck. Luckily, John H. Kinzie survived; luckily, because he proved a good and useful man—Indian agent and fur trader, village and government official. Besides, he married a most estimable and bright lady of Connecticut, who wrote a book (*Wau-bun*) thirty-four years ago, which is still a mine of information to those who wish to know about the infantile sur-

roundings of the first Chicago.

Again, Mr. Kinzie moved his family and his household effects into Chicago's historic hut, which he at once proceeded to improve and enlarge, until he worked this picture into the landscape: A long, low building, with a piazza extending along its front, the range being four or five rooms; a broad, green space inclosed between it and the river, and shaded by a row of Lombardy poplars; two immense cotton-wood trees in the rear of the building; a fine, well-cultivated garden to the north of the dwelling, and surrounding it various buildings appertaining to the establishment—dairy, bake-house, lodging house for the Frenchmen, and stables. A range of sand-hills covered with stunted cedars, pines and dwarf willow trees, intervened between the house and lake.

In this house were born three Kinzies. The two daughters married officials of Fort Dearborn; the son, Robert A., followed the footsteps of his elder brother, being with him as an employe of the American Fur Company and at Fort Winnebago. He was also a faithful army officer. Major Kinzie married into the aristocracy of Fort Dearborn, as his two sisters had done before him, his wife being the granddaughter of Capt. John Whistler, its first commandant, and the daughter of Col. Wm. Whistler, one of its latest commanding officers. The last few years of his life Major Kinzie spent in Chicago, dying

at his residence on Thirty-fifth street in 1873.

The founder of the Kinzie family lived in Chicago until 1828, the most successful trader in this region, not even excepting the agent of the government—the so-called United States factor at Chicago. Mr. Kinzie had branches at Milwaukee, and on the Rock, Illinois and Kankakee rivers; but the parent house was at Chicago, which received the furs brought in by canoes and pack-horses, and sent them to Mackinac Island on the vessels which brought supplies and goods for the traffic. Mr. Kinzie was also sub-Indian agent, interpreter, agent of the American Fur Company, justice of the peace, silversmith to the Indians (in the fashioning of their trinkets), as well as their friend—father-of Chicago.

John Kinzie moved out of the old house in the fall of 1827. He died in January of the next year while visiting his married daughter, Mrs. Alexander Wolcott, and his funeral services were conducted within Fort Dearborn, where he breathed his last. After his death the Kinzie house was store and residence, its last proprietor being Mark Noble, a stock raiser, slaughterer of cattle, and general business man.

A few years ago this same Mark Noble and Gurdon S. Hubbard, without comparing notes, examined the locality of the old Kinzie house, now covered by factories, elevators and warehouses. Their memories, re-en-

forced by the early surveys, coincided in a remarkable way, the result being that the rear of Kirk's soap factory, on the river near Pine street, has been located as the site of the house occupied by Chicago's first regular land owner, and here preparations have been made for the completion of a memorial window.

The site of the old fort is occupied by a massive five-story building, and into the front, at the angle of River street and Michigan avenue, a large memorial tablet has been set, which reads as follows :

"This building occupies the site of old Fort Dearborn, which extended a little across Michigan avenue and somewhat into the river as it now is. The fort was built in 1803-4, forming our utmost defense. By order of Gen. Hull it was evacuated August 15th, 1812, after its stores and provisions had been distributed among the Indians. Very soon after, the Indians attacked and massacred about fifty of the troops and a number of citizens, including women and children, and next day burned the fort. In 1816 it was rebuilt, but after the Black Hawk war it went into gradual disuse, and in May, 1837, was abandoned by the army, but was occupied by various government officers till 1857, when it was torn down, excepting a single building which stood upon the site till the great fire of October 9th, 1871.

"At the suggestion of the Chicago Historical Society this tab-

let was erected, November, 1880."

HISTORY UP TO THE MASSACRE.

There was little promise even of a weak settlement during the period from the building of Fort Dearborn (1803-4) to the massacre of 1812. Capt. John Whistler, its builder and commandant, was originally a British soldier under Gen. Burgoyne, and was captured, with his superior officer, at Saratoga. This was not surprising in itself, but the historic romance lies in the fact that among the American officers at Saratoga was a Major Henry Dearborn, and that a quarter of a century afterwards, as a tried and trusted American officer himself, he should have been sent by this same Henry Dearborn, then general and Secretary of War, to found and command a fort named after his old-time enemy.

The few troops who were to garrison the fort were conducted overland from Detroit. At the same time the government sent a schooner by lake, loaded with supplies, and carrying Capt. Whistler, his wife and little son, and Lieutenant William Whistler (a married son), accompanied by his young bride. More than seventy years thereafter Mrs. William Whistler was in the great city visiting her daughter, the widow of Robert A. Kinzie (youngest son of John Kinzie), and spoke, in a most sprightly way, of the Chicago which then consisted of four huts occupied by French traders, their Indian wives and families. Some sort of a fort or rude

stockade and trading post had existed at least eighty years before, but this evidence of French dominion and ambition had disappeared from everything except the printed page. It was not then in the landscape. When the Whistlers arrived nothing of civilization was to be seen but these four cabins, and the civilization therein was a decided mixture. The only cabin which particularly concerns us, besides that owned by Le Mai and afterwards sold to Kinzie, was that occupied by the trader, Antoine Ouilmette, just north of Le Mai's. This Ouilmette was long in the employ of John Kinzie.

When to the Whistlers of the paper fort were added the soldiers who had come by land, the orders of the War Department for its establishment commenced to be transformed into something material. "It is worth mentioning here," says Henry H. Hurlbut, who interviewed Mrs. William Whistler as an old lady, "that there was not at that time within hundreds of miles a team of horses or oxen, and as a consequence the soldiers had to don the harness, and with the aid of ropes drag home the needed timbers."

While the stockade and other shelters for the garrison were going up, Capt. Whistler and his family occupied a dilapidated log hut covered with bark, the other officers and men being under canvas. But before the following spring the buildings were all erected, and Fort Dearborn was

ready to make history. The next important event is the coming of the Kinzies. Shortly afterwards a man named William Lee came with his family to Fort Dearborn, building a little house near by on the lake shore. He took up land on the south branch, about four miles from the mouth of the river, in the vicinity of the present Bridgeport. The river intersected his farm, the house which he erected for his hired men being on the western bank. This became known as Lee's Place, and was the scene of a tragedy which was but the prelude to the massacre of 1812. The house was enlarged a few years afterwards by an Indian trader, it being the branch of a Detroit establishment. The agent dubbed the locality "Hard-scrabble," perhaps because business was "rocky," or the soil poor. But we are getting ahead too fast.

Life at and around Fort Dearborn, during the eight years which intervened between its completion and its destruction by the Indians, was quiet and uneventful. The wives of the officers had their amusements, and two Whistlers were even born within the stockades—grandchildren of the commander. It will be remembered that three Kinzies were added to the population of Chicago from 1805 to 1810, the eldest daughter, Ellen, ever having her claim allowed as the first white baby to proudly open its eyes upon Chicago. Each arrival, whether of Whistlers or Kinzies, threw the community into a pleasurable state

of excitement. Then there were little gatherings at the Fort, and music and dancing in the Kinzie house, the inspiration coming from Mr. Kinzie's own good fiddle. Two or three times a year vessels from Mackinac sailed into the harbor to the fort, loaded with provisions, clothing, tobacco, trinkets, liquor, etc., in exchange for the furs which Mr. Kinzie had collected. These were also occasions when the Indians gathered in large numbers, one reason being that in those days the government refused to furnish her wards with liquor, consequently they were eager to obtain it through any such private sources as the agents of the American Fur Company. This also may be one reason why the agencies under control of the government (called factories) were never able to successfully compete with private parties.

The factory and Indian agency at Chicago were in the same building—the two-story log building already mentioned, west of the fort. A hall ran through the centre, with a large room on each side of it. Here resided the Indian agent and factor, usually an intelligent, well-meaning official, but, from lack of experience, quite unable to cope with the shrewd, out-of-door industry of such men as John Kinzie, who knew the Indian nature as thoroughly as that of his own child. But when pay day came 'round no persuasion was needed to induce the Pottawattamies, the Sacs, and the Foxes to swarm like bees to

the house of the United States agency. These were other occasions when the monotony of garrison and pioneer life was most pleasantly dissipated.

At the most quiet of military posts, also, there is a gradual change of personages. New officers and their families are introduced; old ones make their exit. Death now and then walks in and carries away a familiar face. Thus, sad to say, during an altercation with John Lalime, the Indian interpreter, just without the fort, John Kinzie killed his man, stabbing him with a dirk in the side. Mr. Kinzie was unarmed at the time, being followed and assaulted by Lalime, an Englishman heated by Indian blood. His assailant had a pistol as well as a knife. In the scuffle the weapon was discharged, Mr. Kinzie was wounded in the shoulder, and Lalime stabbed fatally in the side. Through the connivance of a half-breed girl, a servant in the family, Mr. Kinzie was hidden at Milwaukee in the house of her French father, Mirandeu. Thus two historic characters were brought together; for Mirandeu himself was the first settler upon the present site of Milwaukee. He was a well-educated French gentleman, a faithful husband to his faithful Indian wife, a successful trader, and a familiar presence at Fort Dearborn. His daughter, Mr. Kinzie's servant, who witnessed the tragedy outside the fort, long thereafter married a blacksmith in Chicago, and moved to Mil-

waukee, where the couple lived for forty years. She unhesitatingly gave her recollections of those tragic events for publication, seventy years after they occurred, and died in 1889, at Port Jervis, N. Y.

Gurdon S. Hubbard's account of this first tragedy, which made so deep an impression upon the community, was as follows: "I have heard the account of it related by Mrs. Kinzie and her daughter, Mrs. Helm. Mr. Kinzie never, in my hearing, alluded to or spoke of it. He deeply regretted the act. Mrs. Kinzie said that her husband and Lalime had been for several years on unfriendly terms, and had had frequent altercations; that at the time of the encounter Mr. Kinzie had crossed the river alone, in a canoe, going to the fort. She supposed Lalime saw her husband crossing, and, taking his pistol, went through the gate purposely to meet him. Mr. Kinzie, closing with Lalime, stabbed him, and retreated to his house covered with blood. He told his wife what he had done, that he feared he had killed Lalime, that probably a squad would be sent for him, and that he must hide. She, in haste, took bandages, and with him retreated to the woods, where, as soon as possible, she dressed his wounds, returning just in time to meet an officer with a squad, with orders to seize her husband. He could not be found. For some days he was hid in the bush, and cared for by his wife.

"Lalime was, I understand, an educated man, and quite a favorite with the officers, who were greatly excited. They decided he should be buried near Mr. Kinzie's house, and he was buried near the bank of the river, about the present terminus of Rush street, and within about two hundred yards of Mr. Kinzie's house, in plain view from his front door and piazza. The grave was enclosed by a picket fence, which Mr. Kinzie, in his life-time, kept in perfect order. My impression has ever been that Mr. Kinzie acted, as he told his wife, in self-defence. This is borne out by the fact that, after a full investigation by the officers, whose friend the deceased was, they acquitted Mr. Kinzie, who then returned to his family."

Now to briefly sketch the shiftings in the personnel of the garrison up to the tragic year—1812.

One of the Whistler children, which had been born within the fort, had died, the commandant had been called elsewhere, and (1810) his place filled by Capt. Nathan Heald, a bright young officer from the east, but inexperienced in Indian warfare. He had married into a family of Indian soldiers, however, having, about a year previous to the Kinzie-Lalime homicide, accompanied his bride on horseback from Louisville, Ky., to Fort Dearborn, Ill. Mrs. Heald was the daughter of Col. Samuel Wells, and niece of Capt. William Wells, the latter being the adopted

son and son-in-law of the Miami chief, Little Turtle, and for many years a doughty warrior in arms against his own race. Capt. Wells was no mean element in the defeat of Gen. St. Clair in 1791, but when Gen. Wayne was appointed to take command of the western army, his Caucasian blood asserted itself. Meeting Little Turtle, his father-in-law, a few miles from Fort Wayne, Ind., he bravely launched these words at him: "Father, we have long been friends. I now leave you to go to my own people. We will be friends until the sun reaches its midday height. From that time we will be enemies; and if you want to kill me then, you may; and if I want to kill you, I may." Capt. Wells afterwards fought with Gen. Wayne's army against the Indians, but after the treaty of peace (1795) he rejoined his wife and father-in-law at Fort Wayne. There they lived together in the greatest of harmony, Little Turtle dying at Fort Wayne only about three weeks previous to the Chicago massacre. We shall soon understand why so large a place is here given to Capt. Wells.

Lieut. Linai T. Helm, a young officer, and a comparatively recent arrival at the fort, had been married four years to Margaret McKillup, a daughter of the widow who became the wife of John Kinzie. Mrs. Helm was therefore a half-sister to the Kinzie children, a brave, nervous little English woman of seventeen years.

It was while she and young Mrs.

Heald were playing battledoor on the fort grounds that an incident occurred which, at the time, was passed lightly over, but was afterwards recalled as significant. Two Calumet Indians, on a visit to Capt. Heald, passed the ladies in their sport, one remarking to the other, with sullen face: "The white chiefs' wives are amusing themselves very much. It will not be long



CHIEF SHABONEE.

before they are hoeing in our corn-fields."

That they and other wives of the officers and soldiers of Fort Dearborn were not put to work in the Pottawattamie corn-fields is to be placed to the credit of, at least, three Indian chiefs. When the great Tecumseh, of the Shawnee nation, was laboring among the tribes of the west, from

the Gulf of Mexico to the lakes, endeavoring to cement them into an adamant confederation against the Americans, accompanying him was a tall, powerful young man of noble, commanding aspect, and of polished, yet open and decisive manners. In Tecumseh's dealings with the British officers, even up to the battle of the Thames (1813), where he was killed, Straight Tree (as the Indians called him) was his most trusted captain, his secretary, his ambassador, his interpreter, his confidant, and his adviser. The whites spoke of him as Billy Caldwell, and even at the time of the Fort Dearborn massacre—before the death of his only master, Tecumseh—his name was a synonym for splendid bravery and fair dealing in battle. The son of a Pottawattamie woman and an Irish officer in the British service, while in action he fought like a tiger, but never assassinated. Finely educated by the Jesuits of Detroit, he was a fluent speaker and a finished writer in French and English, as well as a master of nearly all the Indian dialects of the West. He married the sister of a Pottawattamie chief, and at the time of the Fort Dearborn massacre was an Indian warrior in everything but deceit and cruelty. The absence of these traits, as well as the presence of European polish, set him apart from his Indian subjects, so that, although they admired and obeyed him, they still spoke of him as the Sauganash, or Britisher.

Shabonee, the son of an Ottawa chief, and a Pottawattamie chief himself, lived for many years in the southern part of DeKalb county, twenty-five miles north of the present city of Ottawa. William Hickling, so well known in Chicago, was long an honored citizen of Ottawa, and Shabonee often visited him at his home. From the old chief Mr. Hickling gleaned many facts, valuable and romantic, relating to both Caldwell and himself, which have become a part of the history of the State. It seems that in 1810, when Tecumseh, accompanied by Caldwell and two others, visited the Pottawattamie villages in the Illinois country for the purpose of inducing them to join his confederacy, he induced Shabonee to join the party on their mission, and together they visited the scattered tribes in the valleys of the Illinois, Fox and Rock rivers, thence via Green Bay and Wisconsin River, as far northwest as La Crosse, and thence south as far as Rock Island. At this point Shabonee left his companions and returned home. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to state that he admired both Tecumseh and his Indian-Irish lieutenant, and after-events indicated that he was a believer in their civilized mode of warfare.

Black Partridge also proved another friend in need to the settlers of Chicago. He was a Pottawattamie chief, whose village was on the south side of the Illinois River, opposite the head of Peoria Lake. Winnemeg, or

Catfish, was still another Illinois chief of this tribe who kept out of the anti-American union to the very last. He it was who dissuaded the Pottawattamies from joining the confederacy, at the council of Chippewas, Ottawas and Pottawattamies, which was held at St. Joe in 1810. Nevertheless, many of the hot-bloods par-



WIFE OF CHIEF SHABONEE.

ticipated in the disastrous battle of Tippecanoe in 1811.

After this decisive defeat of Tecumseh's brother, the Prophet, the head of the confederacy perceived that it was most necessary that he should unite his forces with those of the British. The agents of the now allied armies bent their energies toward

gaining the friendship of the Pottawattamies, Chippewas, Ottawas, Kickapoos, and other western tribes, whose support was at least tremulous. The Governor of Illinois also called a council of these tribes at Cahokia (near East St. Louis), the result of which seemed re-assuring. Especially did the Indians protest friendship who were in daily intercourse with the troops of Fort Dearborn and the officials of the agency house; who visited the garrison and traded with the United States factor; who stopped at the house of Mr. Kinzie to barter with him for trinkets and substantial, and who called him their good friend, and the government, their father. But the presents which they had been receiving from the British at Fort Malden, Canada, either corrupted their good intentions, or their policy was one of consistent deceit, for in April, 1812, two months before war was declared against Great Britain, a party of Winnebagoes gave the signal for a general dropping of the mask by an act of savage assassination at Lee's Place.

At this time the farm was in charge of three men and a son of Mr. Lee. One afternoon a dozen Indians entered the house, painted and in war costume, and seated themselves without ceremony. The "hands" happened to be all at home, and one of them, a Frenchman, remarked that he did not like the looks of the intruders, whose appearance, moreover, proved that they were not their

friends, the Pottawattamies. Another took the hint, and with the boy started for the canoes. Upon the pretence that they wished to fodder some cattle, which could be plainly seen across the river, the two made their escape, and, taking to some woods which concealed them from the Indians, they sped for the fort. They had not gone far before they heard the discharge of two guns—portentuous sounds, when they remembered that they had left two companions behind. Speeding along, as they neared Fort Dearborn, they halloed across the river to some member of the Burns family, who appeared before the house, that the Indians were at Lee's Place. This information would have been sufficiently terrifying to a family which was in marching order. But in that house there was an infant whose age was only a few hours. Mrs. Kinzie was there also—had run in to do what she could. Her blood curdled at the words of the messengers, but making some hurried remark to her neighbors, she rushed along the river bank to her own home. As she neared the house she heard the sound of her husband's violin; in fact, she dashed in, pale and breathless, upon a pleasant family dancing party waiting her return before it gathered around the tea table already spread. She told her story. Snatching a few necessities, Mr. Kinzie and his family crowded into two old boats, and pulled for the fort, where in a few

minutes they were safely sheltered. A brave young ensign named George Rowan, but lately graduated from the New York military academy, volunteered to bring the Burns family to the fort. With the assistance of a few soldiers he manned a scow, and, reaching the house in safety, took the young mother and infant upon her bed and landed the entire family within the friendly shelter.

Captain Heald also ordered a cannon fired to warn a party of soldiers, who had gone up the river fishing, to be on their guard. The signal was heard and understood two miles above Lee's Place. The soldiers put out their torches, which they had lighted at dusk. Gliding down the river they stopped at Lee's Place to warn the inmates of their danger. Mrs. Kinzie tells the story: "All was still as death around the house. They groped their way along, and, as the corporal jumped over the small enclosure, he placed his hand upon the dead body of a man. By the sense of touch he soon ascertained that the head was without a scalp and otherwise mutilated. The faithful dog of the murdered man stood guarding the lifeless remains of his master. The tale was now told. They retreated to their canoes and reached the fort unmolested about eleven o'clock at night. The next morning a party of the citizens and soldiers volunteered to go to Lee's Place, to learn further of the fate of its occupants. The body of Mr.

White (the head man) was found pierced by two balls, and with eleven stabs in the breast. The Frenchman lay dead, as already described, with his dog still beside him. The bodies were brought to the fort and buried in its immediate vicinity."

THE FORT DEARBORN MASSACRE.

A few discharged soldiers and families of half-breeds who lived outside the fort were received into the agency house, which was fortified and guarded. No serious trouble occurred with the Indians, however, until the great trouble came upon the garrison and the settlement—the massacre itself. In the meantime Father Kinzie had moved his family to the fort, war had been declared against Great Britain and Mackinac had surrendered to the British. Winnemeg, the Pottowattamie chief, arrived at the post, on August 9, bearing this general war news; also orders from General Hull to evacuate Fort Dearborn and to proceed to his headquarters at Detroit, after distributing all the United States property contained in the fort and agency among the Indians in the neighborhood. From our point of view it seems certain that had Captain Heald not felt himself bound to carry out these instructions to the letter, the massacre might have been avoided. This friendly chief, John Kinzie and others best posted in Indian affairs, advised him either to await re-inforcements before commencing his overland march to Fort Wayne, or to evacuate

the post at once and pass through the Pottawattamies' country before they became aware of the fall of Mackinac. But the commandant decided that the better policy was to collect the Indians of the vicinity, as ordered, distribute the property among them, and offer them, moreover, a large reward for a safe conduct to Fort Wayne. So the garrison remained. Captain Heald sent out his messengers to the neighboring villages, the Indians around the fort becoming daily more troublesome and bold. At length, in fact, they passed the sentinels without ceremony and took possession of the officers' quarters, one even going so far as to fire off his rifle in Captain Heald's parlor.

Upon the third day after the arrival of the Pottawattamie chief, the Indian council, called together by the commandant, assembled together on the esplanade, adjoining the fort. In behalf of the Caucasian race, only Captain Heald and John Kinzie were present, the officers refusing to be parties to what they understood was to be a massacre of the garrison. The block-houses, however, overlooked the place of assemblage, and opening the port holes the soldiers placed their cannon so as to command the situation. The conference, therefore, passed off smoothly. Captain Heald informed the Indians that he would distribute all United States property to them the next day, and they professed undying affection to the cause of America. According to agreement he did

turn over to them blankets, calicoes, paints and other harmless things, but, as Mr. Kinzie had dissuaded him from adding arms and liquors to the list, the whiskey and alcohol barrels were broken up and the contents poured into the river and the garrison well, muskets, bags of shot, flints, etc., being consigned to the same fate. One of the excuses for the massacre, subsequently given by the Indians to the great chief, Black Hawk, was that the commandant did not keep his promises—he did not give them the liquor and guns!

The next day after the destruction of these fire-brands, Captain Wells, Indian agent at Fort Wayne, and the noted character whom we already know, arrived at Fort Dearborn accompanied by fifteen Miami Indians. Having heard of the critical condition of affairs he had volunteered to guide the command through the hostile country—to succor the garrison, his niece and her husband, Captain Heald. But the Indians were already hot with rage over that breach of faith in the matter of arms and liquor, the plunder they prized the most. Even Black Partridge, a friendly chief, delivered a medal he had received from the government as a pledge of peace, saying that he was unable longer to restrain the young men, that where they led he must follow, and that he must now take his stand as an enemy.

The 15th of August, at 9 o'clock in the morning, was the time fixed for

leaving the fort. Before that hour the general feeling of insecurity had been transformed into the blackness of certain doom; for a chief from Mr. Kinzie's old home on the St. Joseph's river had sent him word that the Pottawattamies, whom Captain Heald had engaged as an escort, were intending to betray those under their care. So that when the sixty-six soldiers, about half of whom were old men or invalids, issued from the fort, accompanied by the women and children on horseback or in wagons, it was not necessary that the military band should have played the Dead March, or that Captain Wells, who took the lead with his Miamis, should have appeared with blackened face as does the Indian warrior when he marches out to almost certain death. Following the trail along the lake shore, the motley band, accompanied by the five hundred treacherous Pottawattamies, moved toward a long range of sand-hills which commenced about a quarter of a mile from the fort, and a short distance west of the line of march. When opposite the point where the range commenced, the Pottawattamies threw aside all further pretense and scurried over the prairie to the sand-hills, behind which they disappeared. The command had marched about a mile and a half, when Captain Wells, still in the advance with the Miamis, came riding back to the main body announcing that he had been attacked from ambush. Almost at that instant

a deadly fire came from the sand-hills, the troops formed in line and charged their skulking enemies. The chief of the Miamis, having denounced this act of treachery, brandished his tomahawk at the Pottawattamies and fled, with his warriors, across the prairie. As stated, the troops gallantly charged the enemy who had concealed themselves in a ravine between the prairie and the sand-hills, and fighting through their savage ranks, hand to hand, gained a vantage ground beyond, but not until their number had been reduced to twenty-eight. Among the bravest of those killed was Ensign Ronan, who, though mortally wounded, fought for a long time on one knee. The Indians who had been hanging upon the rear of the command then captured the horses and baggage. One young savage climbed into a baggage wagon containing twelve children and tomahawked them all. When Captain Wells heard of this wholesale butchery he threatened savage revenge upon the Indian squaws and children, still encamped near the fort. Turning his horse's head he started on a gallop for the Indian camp, pursued by the Pottawattamies. Their bullets overtook both rider and horse and, though Winnemeg and Waubensee appeared upon the scene, taking the wounded man from his dead horse and attempting to protect him, Captain Wells received a fatal bullet in the back of his neck. He was at once scalped, his heart cut out, divided in-

to small pieces and eaten while warm; which, by the way, is in conformity to the prevailing belief among the savages of the world, that to eat the heart of a brave man is an inspiration of brave deeds. It would be beyond our purpose to enter into the bloody details of this massacre—the tomahawking of weak and wounded prisoners, men, women and children—the mutilation of mother and unborn babe. Besides Captain Wells and Ensign Ronan, Dr. Voorhis, the surgeon at the fort, and the interpreter were killed; also thirty-six soldiers, two women and twelve children.

The wounded were Captain Nathan Heald and his wife, and Lieutenant Helm and his wife—the wounded and un-murdered. After the engagement at the Sand Banks, the Indians assembled in a body and invited the commander to approach. Captain Heald advanced alone and was met by one of the chiefs with an interpreter. After shaking hands the Pottawattamie requested the leader to surrender, promising to spare the lives of all the prisoners. Captain Heald's doubts as to the sincerity of this promise were well-founded. But as further resistance was certain suicide, the soldiers delivered up their arms, were taken back to the Indian encampment, the wounded prisoners tomahawked and the balance distributed among the different tribes.

But through the good offices of Black Partridge, Waubensee, Billy

Caldwell and other brave enemies, who believed in war but not in massacre, certain exceptions were made to this most fiendish rule.

Mr. Kinzie had accompanied the troops in their death march, but his wife, four children, nurse and protectors were waiting at the mouth of the river until the fate of the garrison should be made known to them. Mrs. Kinzie saw the soldiers march out of the fort along the lake-shore and heard the firing behind the sand-hills. In an agony of suspense for her husband, her children who were with her, and, lastly, for herself, she waited for—she knew not what. At last an Indian was seen approaching leading a horse, on which sat a young lady moaning because of her wounds. The animal which she rode was the same splendid bay which had carried her from Louisville, on her wedding journey, about a year before—for the lady was Mrs. Heald, and, as it was the horse which the savages coveted, they had lodged several bullets in the rider's arms and left the animal unharmed. Looking upon the poor little lady as of no further account, her captor removed her bonnet, preparatory to scalping her, when Mrs. Kinzie sent one of her half-breed guides to him and by offering a mule and some whiskey as ransom saved her friend's life. After that action at the sand-hills, the boat was allowed to return to Mr. Kinzie's house, whither the proprietor had been conducted himself. Here the family were

guarded by Black Partridge, Wau-bansee and other Indians, and the party was subsequently saved from the tomahawks of the infuriated Indians by Billy Caldwell.

To make a long story short, Mr. Kinzie's family was sent to St. Joseph and thence to Detroit, as prisoners of war, Mr. Kinzie remaining behind, for a time, disguised as an Indian, in order that he might collect some of his property which had been scattered during the confusion of the massacre. Although Mr. Kinzie was paroled upon his arrival at Detroit, in December, and occupied the old family mansion, with wife and children, he was re-arrested by the British commander and spent much of his time for a year in military prisons at Detroit, Fort Malden and Quebec. At length he was placed aboard ship to be sent to England, but it was twice driven into port—once by an American frigate and once by a leak. He was afterwards released and returned to his family in Detroit. In 1816, when Fort Dearborn—burned by the Indians the day after the massacre—was rebuilt, the Kinzies took up the burdens and joys of pioneer life again in the old house.

Of those who were wounded at the massacre, the Healds and the Helms only were spared. Captain Heald received two wounds and his wife seven. The day after the battle they escaped in a canoe to Mackinac, and finally reached Detroit, where Captain Heald surrendered himself as a prisoner of

war. For many years preceding his death, in 1832, Captain Heald resided in Missouri. A wound in the hip, received at the massacre, had always troubled him, and, it is believed, eventually caused his death. Here, also, (near the town of O'Fallon) lived his wife, for twenty-five years afterwards. The Hon. Darius Heald, a son and a man prominent in the affairs of the state, is still a resident of the old home. In looking upon the living Mr. Heald as an historic character, it must be remembered that he is the grandnephew of the heroic Captain William Wells.

In the thick of the fight Mrs. Helm had been snatched from the grasp of an Indian brave as his tomahawk was about to descend, and was borne struggling by another captor to the lake. After being held in the water for some time, out of the way of hostile bullets and knives, and realizing that she was not doomed, she gained courage to look into the face of the Indian, recognizing through his paint the friendly face of Black Partridge. Supported by him she was led, over the burning sand hills, to the prairie, where she met Mr. Kinzie, and received the joyful news that her husband was only slightly wounded. Before they arrived at the Pottawattamie encampment they were joined by another Indian, who assisted the fainting woman with one hand—with the other he dangled the scalp freshly torn from the head of Captain Wells. Taking the advice of

Black Partridge she disguised herself in a short gown and petticoat, as a French woman of the country, and was conducted by her dusky friend to the house of Ouilmette the employe of John Kinzie. She concealed herself under a feather bed to escape the vigilance of a band of scalping Indians who entered the house, and accompanied the Kinzies to St. Joseph, afterwards being joined by her husband in Detroit. Lieutenant Helm had first been taken by the Indians to Peoria, being liberated by a half brother of John Kinzie, whom Black Partridge had informed of his whereabouts. At Detroit both he and his wife were arrested by the British commander and sent on horseback, in the dead of winter, to Fort George on the Niagara frontier. By an exchange of prisoners they were afterwards enabled to join their friends in New York.

Mrs. Burns and her infant were carried to an Indian village. The babe was nearly killed by a jealous squaw, but both mother and child were finally ransomed. All the members of the Lee family, except the mother and an infant, were massacred. Black Partridge took them to his village and warmly courted the widow. She would not become his wife, however, but married instead a French trader, Du Pin, who lived in Mr. Kinzie's house after the massacre.

Ouilmette also remained in Chicago, occupying his old cabin near the

Kinzie house. The Burns house was deserted. The Lee house was soon occupied, but the history of its purchaser belongs to the period of the second fort and revived Chicago.

For four years, then, Chicago consisted of these three families, these three houses, the ruins of Fort Dearborn, and such trade as feebly floated around.

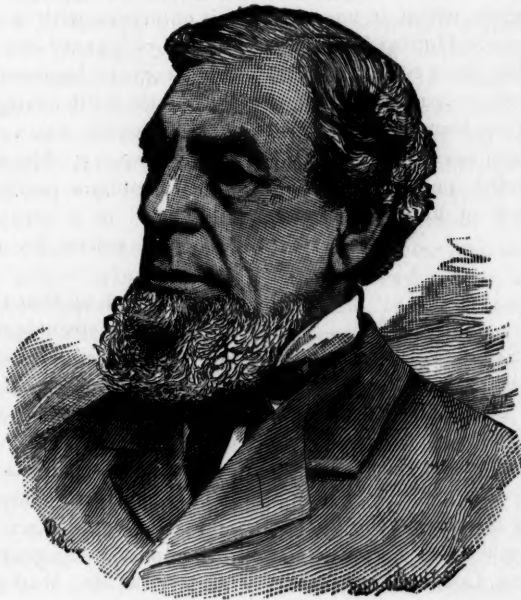
THE SITE OF THE MASSACRE.

As the citizens of Chicago, and especially the members of the Chicago Historical Society, have fixed upon the sites of the Kinzie house and old Fort Dearborn, a memorial window already marking one of these historic spots, it has been decided to erect a monument marking the central point of the massacre—the locality where the garrison was attacked and charged the Indians; where occurred the slaughter of the innocents and the greatest loss of life previous to the surrender. From the testimony of the Kinzies during their many years residence in Chicago; from the words of other early settlers and old Indians, some of whom are still living and received their information from those who were participants in those acts of blood; from a careful weighing of the testimony of many years, the Chicago Historical Society has become convinced that the tragedy occurred between Sixteenth and Twentieth streets, near the lake shore, and that the central point of the massacre was near the foot of Eighteenth street. There stands

an old cottonwood tree which has been handed down through several generations of both white and red men as nature's sentinel which witnessed the freest effusion of blood upon that fiery August day. Plans have been

drawn for a fitting monument to be soon erected, under the auspices of the Society, in the immediate vicinity of this historic tree.

H. G. CUTLER.



GURDON S. HUBBARD.

NOTE.—While the history of Chicago could not be written without making frequent mention of the pioneer, Gurdon S. Hubbard, what has already been written and what may hereafter be written of him in the general history of the city prior to 1840 would fall far short of telling the story of his life, and doing adequate justice

to the character and achievements of an illustrious man. The purpose of the series of articles—publication of which we begin in this number of *THE MAGAZINE OF WESTERN HISTORY*—under the heading, “Chicago Prior to 1840,” is two-fold. The design is first, to contribute to the literature of the country an authentic and en-

tirely reliable history of the western metropolis during the formative period of its existence; and second, to preserve, in connection therewith, a record of the lives, together with life-like portraits, of the men who became prominently identified with the city in its early history, and who laid the foundations upon which it has been built. Gurdon S. Hubbard was not only one of the most conspicuous of these men, but he was one of those earliest upon the historic ground, and hence it is appropriate that the following extended personal mention should be made of him at this time.

—EDITOR.

GURDON SALTONSTALL HUBBARD was born in Windsor, Vermont, August 22d, 1802. He was the son of Elizur Hubbard, a lawyer by profession, and grandson of George Hubbard, an officer of the Colonial forces during the war of the Revolution. His mother was Abigail Sage, of Middletown, Connecticut.

When he was ten years of age his father met with reverses in business, which deprived him of a moderate fortune and left him in straightened circumstances. The result was that Gurdon S. Hubbard received but a limited education, and was thrown upon his own resources very early in life. His father moved from Vermont to Canada, and located at Montreal

in 1815. It was here that the boy, who afterwards became one of the most noted "Indian traders" of the west, developed into a tradesman, his first ventures being the purchase from Vermont farmers of small amounts of country produce, which he peddled out in Montreal. He embarked in this enterprise with a borrowed cash capital of twenty-five cents, and retired from the business at the end of six months with nearly one hundred dollars, which was turned into the family treasury. His father then obtained for him a position as "boy of all work" in a hardware store of Montreal, where he remained two years.

At the end of that time, and when he was but sixteen years of age, having become acquainted with William Mathews, an agent of the American Fur Company, he succeeded in obtaining a position as clerk for that company, and early in May of 1818, in company with twelve other young men, who were to act as clerks, and one hundred voyageurs, he left Montreal with Mr. Mathews, who had purchased a stock of goods for the Indian trade, to be transported in *batteaux* to Mackinaw, Michigan. They proceeded up the St. Lawrence river to Lake Ontario, and thence, by way of the lakes, to Mackinaw, where they reached the western headquarters of the American Fur Company.

Here the young clerk was initiated

into the business to which he had bound himself by contract for five years, at a salary of one hundred and twenty dollars per year.

At Mackinaw he formed the acquaintance of many old traders and frontiersmen, and became a general favorite with them, being known as "the boy clerk." Among those to whom he became strongly attached was Antoine Deschamps, who had devoted many years of his life to the Indian trade in Ohio and Illinois, and who, at that time, had charge of the Fur Company's interests in the last-named State.

When the time came for the traders to seek their winter quarters, and begin the season's business with the Indians, Hubbard was assigned to the expedition of which Deschamps had charge, and thus found his way into Illinois, his first landing place being the site of the future city of Chicago, which he reached on the morning of October 1st, 1818. Here he formed the acquaintance of the Kinzie family and the officers at Fort Dearborn, and a few days later set out for Southern Illinois, where the trading posts to be taken charge of by Deschamps's "brigade" were to be established. Hubbard was assigned to a post established near the site of the present town of Hennepin, and it was there that he had his first experience in Indian trading.

In the spring he returned with Deschamps's brigade to Mackinaw, where he received letters informing

him of the death of his father, who had emigrated to Arkansas. Thinking it his duty to return to New England to care for his mother and sisters, he sought to resign his position with the American Fur Company at this time, but was unable to obtain his release.

The following winter he took charge of a trading "outfit" on the Muskegan River. His third winter as an Indian trader was spent on the Kalamazoo River, and the two following winters in Southern Illinois. This closed his five years' engagement with the American Fur Company. During this time he had proven himself a shrewd trader, a man of remarkable courage and tenacity of purpose, a good judge of the Indian character, an apt scholar in mastering the languages of the different tribes with which he came in contact, and in familiarizing himself with their habits and customs.

In 1824 he succeeded Deschamps as superintendent of the Illinois River trading posts of the American Fur Company, and retained this position two years, when he became interested in the company as a special partner. After a time he bought out the Fur Company's interest in the trading posts in Illinois, and conducted the business on his own account until it ceased to be profitable. While engaged in this business he spent more or less of his time at Chicago, but made his headquarters in Southern Illinois, at Danville, where he built a

store in 1828, and became the leading spirit of the little settlement in existence there at that time.

He was at Fort Dearborn in 1827 when the news of the Winnebago outbreak reached there, and as there was no garrison at the fort at that time, it was through his courageous and prompt action that the fort was placed in position to resist an attack from the savages within a few days after they began threatening it. It was on this occasion that he tendered his services as a messenger to the Wabash country, and after passing through innumerable hardships, reached the settlements, to return seven days later with one hundred men prepared to give battle to the Indians had the expected attack been made.

In 1832, when the Black Hawk war broke out, he furnished provisions, ammunition, and transportation wagons for the Vermillion county militia, and induced Col. Moore, who commanded the militia, to proceed at once with his regiment to the scene of hostilities. While he remained with the regiment he was practically in command of it, and afterwards served with a company of scouts sixty days, rendering important services in this capacity.

The same year he represented Vermillion county in the Eighth General Assembly of Illinois, and while serving in this capacity he introduced a bill providing for the construction of the Illinois and Michigan canal. This

bill he succeeded in getting through the lower branch of the Legislature, but it was defeated in the Senate.

Being thoroughly in earnest, however, in his endeavors to set on foot this important enterprise, he continued the agitation in favor of the project, attending each session of the Legislature thereafter until the winter of 1835-36, when the measure which he had proposed finally became a law. He was then appointed a member of the first board of canal commissioners, and was accorded the distinction of being selected to throw out the first shovel-full of earth, when the work of construction was formally begun on the 4th of July, 1836.

From his earliest acquaintance with Chicago he had looked upon it as likely to become a place of importance, and in 1834 he removed here from Danville, and became permanently identified with the town about the time it began to attract a modicum of attention from the outside world.

In 1835 Chicago became, by Legislative enactment, an incorporated town, and Gurdon S. Hubbard served as a member of its first board of trustees. As a citizen of Chicago he first engaged in the mercantile business, and later in numerous other enterprises which tended to aid the growth and develop the commerce of the city.

He was one of the incorporators of the first waterworks company of the city, and was officially connected with



A. C. Lybourn

the Chicago branch of the State Bank of Illinois. Then he embarked largely in the commission and forwarding business, became interested in a line of vessels plying between Buffalo and the upper lakes, and in later years with a line of Lake Superior steamers. At an early date he engaged in the pork-packing industry, and for many years was known as the owner of one of the most extensive packing houses in the west. It has been said, in fact, by one of Chicago's most distinguished pioneers, that there are few of its wealth-producing industries which have not felt the inspiration of his genius and been quickened by his enterprise and energy.

As the city grew up about him he adapted himself with readiness to the changing conditions, and seemed quite as much at home in the midst of metropolitan surroundings, as he had been in the early years of his life among the primitive tradesmen who dealt out their wares to "the noble red man."

It was sixty-eight years from the date of his first visit to Fort Dearborn, to the date of his death in Chicago in 1886, and for fifty-two years he resided continuously in the city.

For many years he was the most conspicuous of Chicago pioneers, not only because he had known the place at an earlier date than any one else living in the city, but because a remarkably retentive memory made him a veritable encyclopedia of information pertaining to the early history of Illinois in general, and of Chicago in particular.

When he was carried to his last resting place, at the end of a long and useful life, a city of three-quarters of a million people had grown up about the fort and the trading post which he found here in 1818.

Although he was twice married, he left but one child, a son, who bears his father's name, and who is now a resident of Chicago.

HOWARD LOUIS CONARD.

ARCHIBALD CLYBOURN.

There were three events in connection with the formation of the settlement which has since developed into the City of Chicago, which are looked back to as epochs in its early history. The first of these was the coming of John Kinzie, popularly regarded as the "original settler," who came here in 1804; the second was the coming of Gurdon S. Hubbard, who arrived

in 1818; and the third was the coming of Archibald Clybourn, who joined the settlers in 1823. All three of these men were typical frontiersmen. They were men who would have distinguished themselves and exerted a commanding influence in any community, and under any circumstances. They were not men of liberal education or of broad culture; it is true, but

they were men of fine natural endowments. Men who had a genius for trade and barter, who adapted themselves readily to the conditions of frontier life, and who were in short perfect types of that American manhood which has been the chief instrumentality in advancing western civilization. Brave, hardy, self-reliant and sagacious, they faced innumerable perils, extended their primitive business enterprises over a large territory, and opened up the avenues which were to converge at Chicago in the future, and make it the great trade center of the west and northwest.

John Kinzie did not live to see the town of Chicago take form, but the other two members of this illustrious trio of pioneers, were in at its birth, saw it pass through the formative period of its existence, witnessed the transition from hamlet to village and from village to city, and while they were still hale, well preserved, cheery old gentlemen, upon whom the weight of years did not appear to rest at all heavily, the city began counting its population by the hundreds of thousands. These two noted frontiersmen were of nearly the same age, although Archibald Clybourn's coming west dated a few years later than that of his early friend and associate. The family to which he belonged was one which had played a leading part in building up American civilization, and it was not strange that he should have had a fondness for ad-

venture and a taste for frontier life. One of the earliest settlers of Virginia was Captain William Clayborne, a member of the council and secretary of the colony. He was also the first settler of Maryland, and disputed the possession of Kent Island—in the waters of Chesapeake bay—with Lord Baltimore. Captain Clayborne was the ancestor of the family in America—the spelling of the name having been changed in some instances to Claiborne and Clybourn—and many of his descendants have been conspicuous figures in the colonization of different portions of the United States.

Coming of this stock on the father's side, Archibald Clybourn inherited in addition, from his mother, a love of the broad, grassy plains, the hills and dales, the rivers and lakes, of the "far west" with which she had become acquainted in childhood and young womanhood. The acquaintance was not made under the most favorable circumstances it is true, but the natural beauty of the country had appealed to her in the midst of her savage surroundings. Carried away from her Virginia home in early childhood, Elizabeth McKenzie and her sister, had for years been held in captivity by an Indian tribe of the northwest territory, when Clark and Kinzie, the traders, became their respective husbands. For years afterward their environments were the same, and then came the reunion with their father, and their

restoration to the home from which they had been forcibly carried away by the savages.

In her native State, Elizabeth McKenzie Clark, became the wife of Jonas Clybourn and of this union Archibald Clybourn was born, August 28th, 1802, at Pearisburgh, Giles County, Virginia.

In his boyhood he listened to the stories of her early adventures related by his mother, and at a later period gathered from her information of greater importance concerning the vast and fertile territory of the northwest, over which she had been carried by her Indian captors.

What he heard of this new, and at that time undeveloped country, made him anxious to visit it, and this feeling was intensified when he received from his half-brother, John K. Clark—who left Virginia for the west in 1820—glowing accounts of the beauties of the country and the advantages which it offered to thrifty and enterprising traders. He had been reared on a farm, had received a moderate education, and when he was twenty-one years of age was prepared to acquit himself creditably had he chosen to remain in the east and engage in business, but his inclination to “come west,” where it was said fortunes were to be had for the seeking, was too strong to be easily overcome, and accepting from his father a present of one hundred dollars in money and a horse, he left his Virginia home on the 23d day of May, 1823. He had

determined to make the trip to Fort Dearborn on horseback, and the journey which commenced when he turned his back on the place of his birth, was a long and tedious one. After leaving Chillicothe, Ohio, his course lay through an almost unbroken wilderness until he reached the open prairie country. There were no roads, and in many places no well-defined trails to be followed, and his progress was necessarily slow. For hundreds of miles he traveled through a country—almost as thickly settled now as New England—in which there was not to be found so much as a settler's cabin. When he lay down at night it was with no other shelter than the starry canopy overhead, while for protection against wild animals and savages alike, he could only rely upon the rifle which was always at his side. The same trusty rifle furnished him the means of subsistence, which consisted of the game shot from day to day, and cooked in the most primitive fashion over a camp fire.

On the 24th of August, three months after he began his journey, he arrived at Fort Dearborn, and beheld for the first time the nucleus of the future city of Chicago. A year later, in company with his half-brother, John K. Clark, he returned to Virginia for the purpose of inducing their parents to join them in the frontier settlement which they had decided to make their home, and the following spring the entire family was added to its population.

Jonas Clybourn, the father, was a sturdy old Virginian, who had served his country in the war of 1812, fought Indians in his boyhood and early manhood, and felt quite at home among the natives of the prairie region. He brought with him to Illinois, in addition to his wife, her daughter by her former marriage, who was married to Eden Ehart, and his young son, Henly Clybourn. Mrs. Clybourn found herself in a familiar locality. Twenty-five years earlier she had traversed the country with the Indian tribe by which she had been brought up, and the changes of a quarter of a century had not materially altered its appearance.

The Clybourn homestead was established on the north branch of the Chicago River, and Archibald Clybourn began life as an Indian trader. He had a little store in the woods which skirted the river bank, and his patrons were the aborigines, who came to him to purchase those trinkets for which the Indians always had a fancy, with the silver half-dollars received from the government on "payment" days. When trade grew dull at the store, Clybourn loaded his "pack animals," and carried his goods to the Indian villages in the interior, where bartering was carried on after the primitive fashion. In the course of two or three years his attention was turned in a different direction, and he became a government contractor and purveyor of supplies to the military posts of the

northwest. The most important part of his business was to furnish supplies of beef, and the cattle to be slaughtered had to be gathered from a wide area of territory. To do this he had to spend much of his time in the saddle, riding over the boundless stretches of prairie, to find here and there a settler who had made some headway in stock-raising. Many interesting reminiscences of his experiences in those days are still current as a part of the unwritten history of the country. The famous pioneer Methodist preacher, Peter Cartwright, was something of a farmer in the "Sangamon" country, and from him Mr. Clybourn made occasional purchases of cattle. On one occasion they started together with a small band, which were to be driven to Chicago, and paid for when they were safe in the Clybourn corral. The cattle were not easily handled, and the stock-drovers' labors were not materially lessened by the preacher's assistance, as the latter was by no means an expert in the business. With the candor characteristic of a frontiersman, Clybourn finally told the afterwards celebrated divine, that if he "couldn't herd sinners any better than he herded cattle, he would never be able to earn his salt as a preacher."

The beef contracts proved a profitable enterprise for Mr. Clybourn, and he extended his operations to supplying what little demand there was for meats in the settlements outside of the forts.

It was while he was engaged in this line of business that he met Mary Galloway, at her father's home near the grand rapids of the Illinois River, where is now located the town of Marseilles. James Galloway had emigrated from Sandusky, Ohio, to Illinois in 1826 with his family, consisting of a wife and four children, of whom Mary was the eldest. At Sandusky they had gotten aboard a schooner, bound for Chicago, which sailed out of port with a considerable quantity of goods aboard, suited to the Indian trade, and which belonged to Mr. Galloway. They left Sandusky in the autumn, and their voyage to Chicago was a tempestuous one. While rounding a point of the island of St. Helena in Lake Michigan, the schooner ran aground. The passengers and crew escaped from the wreck with difficulty, and after three or four days of intense suffering from the prevailing storm, they were, by a rare piece of good fortune, discovered and picked up by a schooner belonging to the American Fur Company, bound for Chicago.

Mr. Galloway saved from the wreck only a remnant of his stock of goods, and these the captain of the Fur Company's schooner took aboard with great reluctance, because they were to be unloaded at a port where the company had one of its own trading posts, and proposed as far as possible to monopolize the business of trading with the Indians. When he reached Chicago—or what

has since become Chicago—the company's agent proposed to take charge of Mr. Galloway's goods and store them until the trading season had ended, when they were to be turned over to him. This the owner of the goods resisted, and as he had friends among the settlers as well as among the passengers landed by the schooner, he was not compelled to submit to this outrage, but could do no better than move his wares into an old log cabin in the neighboring settlement known as "Hardscrabble." In this cabin he spent the winter of 1826-27 with his family, disposed of his goods, and in the spring moved on to Grand Rapids where he had previously purchased a "claim," and proposed to begin farming operations. The winter spent in "Hardscrabble"—now a part of Chicago—was a severe one, and his family suffered great hardships, in addition to being many times menaced, or at least terribly frightened, by the Indians who swarmed about the post, and it was with a great deal of satisfaction that they changed their location the following spring.

Mary Galloway was fourteen years old when she came to Chicago with her father, and what has been written of the Galloway family in the foregoing, was for the purpose of giving the reader some idea of the early experiences of the woman who afterward became the wife of Archibald Clybourn; who saw the first town lots laid out in Chicago, and

who lives to-day to gaze with astonishment at the figures of the census takers, which show that the city has a population of 1,100,000 people.

She was seventeen years of age, a country girl of rare beauty and loveliness of character, when she consented to wed the dashing young frontiersman, who had already become known, not only as a young man of courage and ability, but as a successful man of affairs.

On the 10th of June, 1829, the wedding took place in the primitive residence on the Galloway farm at the Grand Rapids, and this is said to have been the earliest marriage of Americans recorded in La Salle county.

The 14th of the same month the young couple were domiciled at the Clybourn residence, on the north branch of the Chicago River, in the immediate neighborhood of which they spent the next forty years of their lives.

The same year the town of Chicago was laid out, and the year following 126 of the lots in the "original town" were sold, Mr. Clybourn becoming one of the earliest purchasers.

While Chicago was still a precinct of Peoria County, he was appointed a constable for the precinct, and a little later, trustee for the school section. In 1831 he was appointed a justice of the peace, and was the first to hold this office in Chicago. When Cook county was organized he became its first county treasurer, and

took an active part in shaping its early financial policy.

In the meantime he was active in business enterprises of almost every character which promised favorable returns. He engaged in merchandising, was a large investor in real estate, carried on the business of butchering on a large scale to supply his government contracts and the local demand for meats, and had a herd of several thousand cattle running on the prairies near the Clybourn farm.

When the Blackhawk war of 1832 broke out, and the settlers from the upper portions of the State took refuge in Fort Dearborn, this extensive herd of cattle was soon decimated through the efforts of the generous owner to supply the refugees with food. Few of them had the means to pay for the necessities of life, but they had to be fed, and as long as his herd of cattle held out, Mr. Clybourn supplied them with meat, passing by none of them, although, as it turned out, he never received any compensation for his immense outlay on this account. His was the first slaughter house built in Chicago, and he was the pioneer in introducing the system of packing meats, which has made Chicago the greatest live stock market in the world.

When the construction of the Illinois and Michigan canal was commenced, he became interested in the work as a contractor, and for a time

had hundreds of men in his employ.

He was a bold speculator and a tireless worker, and within a dozen years after he arrived in Illinois, he had built up a fortune, estimated at that time at half a million dollars. He acquired vast tracts of land, not only in the neighborhood of Chicago, but in various other portions of the west, and in 1837 was looked upon as a trader and capitalist whose resources were almost unlimited.

His first residence in Chicago was one of the primitive log cabins, which was the prevailing style of dwelling in the very early years of the city's history. This was followed in time by a frame dwelling, and in 1836 by a brick structure, which was the first dwelling of its kind erected in or near Chicago. For many years this was the most palatial residence in the city, and was known as the "Clybourn mansion." There were many things about the old house which made it famous in later years. Chief of these, of course, was the fact that it was occupied by Chicago's "oldest citizen," up to the date of his death in 1872. Additional interest attached to it also, by reason of the fact that it stood as a monument of the handiwork of two distinguished citizens of Chicago. Hon. Francis C. Sherman, who at a later period was four times elected mayor of the city, moulded the bricks which were used in its construction, and Hon. A. S. Sherman, another mayor, plastered the walls of the building. This historic residence,

which disappeared but a few years since, stood on a slight eminence, near the north branch of the Chicago river, on what is now known as Elston avenue.

The financial troubles of 1837, found Mr. Clybourn in the midst of large business transactions, with a vast amount of real estate on his hands. In the "hard times" which followed, he suffered severely and lost the bulk of his fortune. He had unbounded faith in the future of Chicago, and during the period of greatest depression, sought to protect his Chicago interests by the sale of his Wisconsin and Michigan lands. The sale was effected in accordance with his plans, and when he returned home, after the negotiations had been completed, he brought with him what the "old settlers" used to speak of as "a carpet sack full of money." It was "wild cat" currency, however, which became worthless before he could apply it to the payment of his indebtedness. He recovered to some extent from these losses in later years, but was again a sufferer from the fire of 1871, so that at his death, a year later, he left a comparatively small estate.

None of the early settlers of Chicago have left behind them more pleasing memories than Archibald Clybourn. Those who knew him in the earlier years of the city's history, remember him as the stirring, active, enterprising man of affairs, while those who became acquainted with

him in later years, remember him as a less ambitious tradesman of the old school, always genial, honest and popular with everybody. There was no more hospitable home in Cook county than the old Clybourn mansion, and it was there the "old settlers,"—those who were residents of Chicago prior to 1840—used to gather occasionally to talk over their early experience, and renew old time association.

Mr. Clybourn was a member of the Whig party in early life, and later a Republican. Firm in his convictions of right, he adhered tenaciously to his political principles, and aided as far as possible in promoting the fortunes of his party organization, without asking or seeking anything in the way of political preferment for himself.

His family consisted of ten children, six sons and four daughters, all of whom grew to manhood and womanhood in Chicago. James A. Clybourn, the eldest son, was for several years before his father's death, associated with him in business, and later became his successor, the business being the same that was inaugurated by the elder Clybourn in 1827.

Two other sons, John Clybourn,—who won distinction in the military service during the war of the rebellion,—and Charles A. Clybourn, and Mrs. Margaret E. Holden, a married daughter, died some years since. All

the other members of this old fashioned family are still living either in Chicago or its immediate vicinity, the youngest being Frank T. Clybourn, now a well known young business man.

Archibald Clybourn's death occurred on the 23d of August, 1872, but one year and one day less than half a century of his mature manhood having been spent in Chicago.

The girl wife, who came here to share his cabin, his fortunes, and the perils of frontier life, survived him, and still survives, one of the most picturesque and interesting characters to be found in the great city of to-day. Notwithstanding the hardships of her early life, the weight of years rests lightly upon the silver-haired, sweet-faced, old lady, who enjoys the distinction of having been a resident of Chicago for a longer period than any other person now living. When she first visited the site of the city in 1826, there were three cabins outside of old Fort Dearborn, so that the entire city has grown up under her observation. Although she is now seventy-eight years of age, Mrs. Clybourn has the appearance of being at least half a score of years younger, retains full possession of all her faculties, and is frequently visited by newspaper interviewers, and others in search of information relative to early happenings in Chicago.

HOWARD LOUIS CONARD.

TANGIERS.

MR. SESSIONS' SUMMER IN EUROPE AND AFRICA.

OUR journey from Granada to Malaga was not specially interesting. We stopped a few hours at Boabdilla, named after the last great king of the Moors, Boabdil, who was defeated by King Ferdinand in 1492. By alleged infringement of the compact entered into at the time of his captivity, he gave up all his rights and possessions for a sum of money, and went to Morocco. He was accused of treachery by the Moors, and of having been bribed by King Ferdinand; but Washington Irving defends him from anything of the kind, and finds nothing in all history to authorize such imputations; but this was the last of the Moors in Spain after centuries of rule. Irving says: "The Moslem empire in Spain was but a brilliant exotic that took no permanent root in the soil which it embellished. Never was the annihilation of a people more complete than that of the Morocco Spaniards. Where are they? Ask the shores of Barbary and its desert places. They have not even left a distinct name behind them, though for nearly eight centuries they were a distinct people. A few broken monuments are all that remain to bear witness to their power and do-

minion, as solitary rocks left far in the interior bear testimony to the extent of some inundation. Such is Alhambra; a Moslem pile in the midst of a Christian land; an oriental palace amidst the Gothic edifices of the west; an elegant memento of a brave intelligent and graceful people, who conquered, and ruled, and passed away."

On our way to Malaga we passed through some of the grandest scenery we have seen in Spain; mountain after mountain rising high above the road; the train rushing through numerous tunnels—fifteen or twenty of them—and coming out suddenly upon vineyards, and citron, pomegranate, lemon and orange groves. It was a delight, and in striking contrast with the great, bare rocks and the deserts of Spain.

Malaga lies on a plain, with the blue Mediterranean in front and hills on three sides. Our hotel was on the Plaza de Constitucion; a band of music was playing in the Almeda, and it was very interesting to watch the inhabitants—of all classes—as they walked up and down. The Malaga senoras are considered the prettiest women in all Spain, and their

living expression of grace is most agreeable.

There is not much of interest in Malaga. We were glad to meet Col. Marston, the popular American consul. He is a brother-in-law of Judge Lawrence of Ohio. He kindly took us out to the villas of two wealthy citizens of Spain; one, the Marquis of Loring, who is an American from Boston, Mass., and who received his title from the Spanish government on account of his success in building the railroads of Spain. He married a Spanish lady, and is one of the leading business men of Spain. He has accumulated a large fortune. His villa is most delightfully situated on the side of the mountain; the water comes rushing down over waterfalls and through streams, watering the tropical plants, which are in great profusion. Nearly every plant we nourish with such care in Lisbon in our green houses, grow there out of doors to great heights, and it is rather discouraging to look upon our dwarfed plants after seeing such luxuriant growths. The other villa was owned by a rich iron merchant, but it is not so beautiful as the former. We were pleased to have an opportunity of looking upon these picturesque and beautiful villas in Spain.

We were glad to take a steamer on the Mediterranean for Gibraltar; the sea was smooth, and the ride was a pleasant change from the long and tedious ride we had through Spain.

The speed was from fifteen to twenty miles on hour by rail, giving one an opportunity to see the country. On the steamer were a large number of Moors, and they looked odd enough in their white flowing robes, with turbans on their heads and their feet bare. We got up early to see the great mass of rock as we approached Gibraltar, which is about fifteen hundred feet high, three quarters of a mile wide and seven miles around it. We took a row boat for the shore and enjoyed sailing around from place to place to catch the wind in our sails. We were glad once more to find plenty of people who could speak English, although the prevailing language was Spanish; our boatmen had been to the United States. We first took a ride around the island; we found on it a thickly populated city of 25,000 people, of whom 5,000 were soldiers, and all of them close to the shore, hugging the bottom of the great rock, the streets rising one above another like a terraced city. The red coats are everywhere, and old England feels proud of her possession here—such an impregnable fortress to protect her ships on the way to India, and for a coaling station. We met English faces everywhere, and they were quite in contrast with the dark Spanish faces across the straits. All that great rock is tunneled with winding passages, which they call the galleries; they are several miles long, and are points of interest which strangers should visit. We got a per-

mit, and with an English officer walked up the steep hill and through the galleries, where numerous great guns—some weighing one hundred tons—were pointed through holes in the rock in every direction. In an attack, the gunners would be perfectly safe, being protected on all sides by the rock. The officer showed us holes in the rock where the monkeys love to gambol, but the wind was so strong that they had fled to the other side of the rock.

We had a deeply interesting day and returned in the evening to our steamer. During the beautiful moonlight night we could catch the strains of martial music coming from a war ship in the distance. We were enthusiastic when the "Star Spangled Banner" was played, followed by "God Save the Queen." That came from one of our own ships, the "Lancaster," which floated the stars and stripes, and we gave them a cheer. We went on the vessel and were shown about the ship by Ensign Clark, of Dayton, O. The boys—over four hundred—were happy because they were ordered home after a three years' cruise, and were buying Moorish articles to take home to wives, daughters and sweethearts.

We left during the night for Tangiers, Morocco, and in the afternoon got the first sight of "Afric's sunny shores." We had a pleasant sail and soon lost sight of the shores of Spain. We entered the bay of Tangier, and on our steamer casting anchor—there

are no quays or landing places—it was soon surrounded by a dozen of boats and a motly set of Arab boatmen, who set up an unearthly yell in Arabic, asking us if we wanted their services to take us ashore. They were dressed in black leather skin, swarthy in complexion, and they looked different in every way from any people we had ever seen. We could not understand a word they said. Fortunately for us, we had an American lady on board who had telegraphed the American consul, Mr. Lewis, of Philadelphia, and in the distance we saw a boat riding over the waves bearing the stars and stripes, and we knew it was the consul's boat. The waves beat so high that it was with great difficulty that we could get into the boat, and before we got on shore the waves had covered us with water. We had been warned of the stormy port, and had put on our rubber overcoats; we landed with great difficulty, but without serious damage.

On shore a great crowd of Moors and Arabs were camped, waiting to go on a pilgrimage to Mecca; over one thousand had left a day or two before. They come from the interior of Africa, and their camps and costumes are curious enough. There is a landing stage in Tangiers now, where a year or so ago each one landing had to be taken on the bare backs of the Arabs. The British consuls in the different ports of Morocco, in their annual reports, al-

ways make mention of the pilgrimage to Mecca during the year under review, as an important history and trade of the district. The consul at Mogadore introduces it between "currency and exchange, and fisheries." It is of much importance to the trade of Morocco. Even in these days of steam the pilgrimage is a long and tedious one; the path to the honorable designation "Hadji," which is coveted by every pious Moslem, is not one of roses. Sometimes four hundred or five hundred pilgrims start in the year from Mogadore via Alexandria for Mecca, and similar numbers from Tangier and other Moorish ports. The proper time of departure is as soon as possible after the great feast which celebrates the close of the Ramadhan. Like other Mohammedan feasts, this is movable, and occurs about eleven days earlier each year. The steamers from Tangiers are loaded with these Moslems; they are carried on deck or in the hold, and as the fare does not include provisions, much hardship must be endured by many of the poorer pilgrims, who often sell almost all their goods to raise the comparatively large sum required for their passage. On account of their dirty condition they are not favorite passengers with the other occupants of the vessel, as we had occasion to notice on our steamer. They do a little traffic on their return in retailing to the faithful at home sundry little articles, curiosities, scented aloe wood and in-

cense from the Holy City. The pilgrimage may now be accomplished in four months, although six are often taken. Many of the older and weaker pilgrims die on the road. In years of famine, or when there are reports of quarantine in the East, few or no pilgrims go; and when the time for the feast falls before the completion of harvest, but few of the rural population can get away from their agricultural occupations. I noticed by the papers that some of the Arabs have come to the United States, and that there are seventy thousand more expecting to come. Unless they change entirely in their habits, they would make poor citizens, they are so indolent and lazy.

It did not take us long to get through the custom house. The sober-looking Moors squat on their mats and take things leisurely; they only looked into one of our bags and we were allowed to pass on. Donkeys were brought us to ride through the narrow streets to our hotel. Oh, the dirt, the confusion, the babel of tongues, with the peculiar ever-prevailing shriek of Arabic! Our room at the hotel overlooked the bay and the Moorish encampment on its shores, and we could see the Arabs on the tops of the houses, holding up their arms, looking toward Mecca and bowing themselves to the floor; they were so long in their devotions that we grew tired watching them. Tangiers is a beautiful city, with its white Moorish houses clustered to-

gether under the hill and rising to the top gradually from the bay. It is picturesque and decidedly African or Moorish in its appearance; quite different from anything we had ever seen.

We got mules and a guide and started out at once through the narrow, winding streets, which are so narrow that we could hardly pass people as we met them. The costumes and customs of the Moors are very peculiar. The men are dressed in white flowing robes, with turbans on their heads, but with nothing on their legs and feet. It seems as if it were impossible for them to carry a bundle or take anything into their hands; if they did so, away would go their robes, exposing their nakedness. It seems to us exceeding awkward, but some of them on returning from the Paris Exposition—they had while there protected their bodies from exposure by wearing drawers—said that they were glad enough to get into their native costume again, they were so cool and comfortable. The men are tall, with oval faces, and are rather good looking, but it seemed to me that they all looked alike; they have aquiline noses, and large dark brown eyes; they seemed polite and gentlemanly as they met us. From the number lounging around in the shops and houses, they must be an indolent, lazy race. The women that we met wore a large white robe reaching below the knees, full white trousers fastened at the ankle, and

slippers; their heads and faces were covered, and sometimes only one eye was visible; they paint their eyebrows black and use belladonna to brighten their eyes. When riding on mules or donkeys they ride man-fashion. Among the rich she is the slave of her lord's pleasure; among the poor she is the household drudge and the manufacturer of almost everything they require in daily use. Everything here is Eastern; Eastern in climate and scenery, in architecture, in language and in life. Outside the hotel all was new to us. Our interest grew the longer we staid, and we never tired of going through the streets and looking into their little shops and bazaars, where all kinds of mechanical work was going on in rooms 10x10, all open to the passer-by. The air was full of horrible stench, and after a rain the streets were very muddy and dirty. The architecture of the houses is without form or comeliness. If we came across the famous horseshoe arch, which one sees in Spain, it would open against a flat or mud-bespattered wall. Why is this? Did the Moors learn the style of architecture of the Alhambra, the Alcazar, after they went into Spain? We were so delighted with what we saw there; all through Morocco—always inhabited by Moorish people—there is nothing that will compare with it.

We rode on the hills to get a view of the interior, and to look out upon the great Sahara desert; but we could

only see a caravan of camels that were just coming in. It had grown too hot to go into the interior with camels, so we had to give up that journey for a more convenient season. We returned by the market, or sok, as it is called, and another scene met our eyes of a type peculiarly African. The snake-charmers and fire-eaters, who are there on market days, when sometimes ten thousand Arabs from the interior come on. I was told by a lady who saw their performances and chanting that the snakes are old, and their poisonous fangs had been taken out.

After dinner, at 7.30 P. M., we started out again with our interpreter. An Arab led the way with a colored glass lantern, and the Arabs we met stopped to look at us, no doubt wondering what our business could be at night. We went to the Moorish cafe and called for a cup of tea, as everybody is expected to take something. All around us the better class of Moors were reclining or sitting on their feet, and we could not but wonder if we were expected to sit on the mats to take our tea; but a few chairs were hung up around the room, and seats and a table were prepared for us. Our tea was brought in glass tumblers, and on tasting it, found it was made of some kind of mint, and was very sweet. The Moors about us were smoking opium. We noticed that some of them had little bundles, from which they took something and put it into minutely

bowled pipes. Our guide told us that it was Indian hemp, a mild substitute for opium. As the Moors came in they would kick off their slippers before entering the sacred inclosure. As we entered we saw a furnace of charcoal near, where all the cooking was done. We went to see the Arabs and to hear their music; we were told that this was the only place where any music could be heard, and we were anxious to hear Arabic music. There were five musicians, and they played on a tambourine, a guitar (shaped like a mandolin), a little two-stringed fiddle cut out of one piece of wood, and a violin, and a man, whom we had seen at the custom house, clapped his hands as an accompaniment. All in the room sang, accompanying the instruments. The low, wailing Arab chant rose and fell with seemingly interminable cadence and repetition. All seemed to enjoy it, and the musicians themselves would sway their bodies and raise their eyes as if in intense enjoyment. Their enthusiasm was certainly responded to by us; we cheered them for an encore, which we got. They saw our delight, which we manifested by clapping our hands and by our facial expression, but they were solemn; not a smile escaped any one of them. I asked an interpreter if they ever smiled. He replied: "Seldom, except when a good story is told, which they enjoy much."

The experience was a novel one,

but we were glad to return to our hotel. In the night we were awakened by the sound of the waves dashing against the shore, and we feared, as the wind rose, that we should not be able to get to our steamer the next day. As there is but one steamer a week at Tangiers, we did not enjoy the prospect of being compelled to spend another seven days there. We heard a loud voice at midnight and at other times in the night. We asked our guide what it meant. He replied: "It is the voice of the Mueddin from the minaret of the Mosque Djama el Kebir, calling away the faithful to prayer, or announcing the flight of the hours by his sand-glass. At midnight, and again at 2 A. M., he says: 'Allah is great. It is better to pray than to sleep.' At 3 o'clock or 4 o'clock—3 in summer and 4 in winter—he cries: 'The daylight comes. All praise to Allah!' At noon he puts out a white flag and declares again that 'Allah is great.' At 3 or 4 in the afternoon he gives a generally disregarded signal to cease from work. Some three hours later he announces the appearance of the first evening star, and finally at 9 P. M. he calls the world to retirement and devotion."

We called the next day on the American Consul, who has a modest looking Moorish house overlooking the bay, one of the finest locations in Tangiers. The house is artistically furnished with Moorish rugs and Oriental furnishings, and is very

unique and beautiful. We tried to get an oil painting of a Moorish artist, of some of the streets of Tangiers, but his paintings were altogether too rich and elaborate for anything we had seen. We bought a large number of photographs, which give a good idea of what we saw there.

Tangiers is one of the oldest cities in Africa, and was called by the Mohammedans the second Mecca, on account of its great wealth. The Sultan of Morocco is now at Fez, further in the interior, but he spends a portion of the time here. He is an absolute autocrat, and there is no other power. He raises money as he wants it, distributes it as he pleases, and, I understand, there is no debt. The government is feudal in its nature. It seems strange that a country so near Gibraltar, with its distinctive English character, and so near other western governments, should retain its original characteristics without any advance or civilization.

We stepped into an Arab school where there were twenty or thirty children seated about an old school-master, who might have been taken for Father Abraham himself, he looked so grave and antiquated, with his long, white beard. He had a long stick in his hand, and every little while he would hit one of his pupils over the head for inattention. He had a large pasteboard on which were Arabic characters. On inquiry I learned that it was the Koran. The

children repeat it over and over until it is committed to memory. This is nearly all the education they receive.

Morocco is an empire in the north-western part of Africa. Its area is estimated at 222,560 square miles and its population at from 6,000,000 to 8,000,000. The shore of the Mediterranean extends two hundred and thirty miles, and the coast is bold and rocky. The Atlas Mountains extend through Morocco from northeast to southwest, and contain the most elevated ranges in North Africa, the highest being about 13,000 feet. Many of the peaks are covered with snow for the greater part of the year. Along the Atlantic coast the climate is temperate, the sea breezes blowing with great regularity, and the mountains sheltering the country from the hot winds of the desert. In this region the thermometer seldom indicates a higher temperature than ninety degrees, or lower than forty degrees. The plantations of olive and almond trees are very extensive. The population of Morocco is composed of several distinct races—of Shalloohs, Berbers, Arabs, Moors, Jews and negroes, which is an element of great weakness, both socially and politically. The Arabs form a large proportion of the population of the plains, their progenitors having entered the country at the time of the Mohammedan conquest. The Moors are found in the towns bordering upon the sea, and are supposed to be the descendants of the Mohammedans

who were expelled from Spain.

Extreme corpulence is considered the greatest personal attraction that a woman can possess. The Jewish women dress very curiously, and as you see them in Tangiers, Algiers and Tunis, on the promenades or by the seaside during bathing hours, one cannot but stop and look at them. They are short and very corpulent, and their dress consists of short, white tights, a red or yellow gown or loose silk sack, and a curious head-dress. I bought a number of photographs of them.

Slavery still exists in Morocco, but many of the slaves obtain their liberty, and as they are distinguished by fidelity, the emperor's or Sultan's body guard is composed of them. There are no roads there, and very few of the rivers have bridges, and there are no post-offices. The traffic is carried on by means of pack animals. We saw a caravan of camels starting out for the interior. The caravan which leaves Fez annually for Mecca, assembles about seven months before the great festival, and occupies that time in dealing with the inhabitants of the countries through which it passes. The religion of Morocco is strictly Mohammedanism, but by late treaties Christianity is tolerated. The Sultan has absolute power over the lives and property of all his subjects. When we were in Tangiers there was great excitement on account of our consul, Mr. Lewis, having ordered a Jew, who was a wife

whipper, to be given a certain number of lashes well laid on. The wife had gone to our Consul a number of times complaining of her husband's treatment—she was black and blue from his abuse—and the Consul told him if it occurred again he would certainly have him publicly whipped, which was done upon his repeating the offence. He certainly deserved it for his outrageous conduct, but the Jews were all up in arms about it, and informed the government at Washington of our Consul's unlawful proceeding, taking the law into his own hands. He was sent for to come to Washington, and was severely reprimanded by Secretary of State Blaine, and although an excellent Consul—appointed by President Cleveland—he will no doubt have to resign as soon as some hungry Republican can be selected, and against his name will be "removed for cause."

I shall not have time to take you with me through Algeria and Tunis, and to the Sahara desert. We only got to the edge of it, where we met a sirocco, and were glad to beat a hasty retreat, with the thermometer at 145 degrees. We only reached an oasis in the desert. It is an interesting fact that the desert of Sahara has artificial oases on the lines of the principal routes of travel. The enterprise was commenced by the Province of Algeria, and it bids fair to revolutionize a large portion of the world. One was a plantation of ten thousand

palm trees, which has been made since 1880—1, by a system of artesian wells. The trees have grown magnificently, and become a source of refreshment and rest, lessening greatly the risks and dangers of desert travel. The water from the artesian wells is conducted through the fields in shallow ditches, and thus nourish the roots of the trees and plants, and changes the plain of sand into a garden of shade and verdure. Later on other forms of vegetation will be introduced in the shadow of the trees, which will shelter the frailer growths. What a revolution this will make in the face of nature, and what a new field for the ingenuity and industry of man! It reminds one of the changes effected in what was called the Great American desert of the west, in my Morse's geography, which by the introduction of water for irrigation, Brigham Young and his followers made a garden of beauty. In my first visit across the great western plains of sand, when we came one morning upon the land of Utah, the green grass and trees were so luxuriant that we could not but praise the Mormons for reclaiming this sandy waste.

Long ago I remember to have read that De Lesseps invented some process to form a great lake in the centre of Sahara by a canal cut from the Mediterranean. The latter is higher than the desert, and the water would run into it. He was encouraged by the Empress Eugenie. Whether feas-

ible or not was never demonstrated, for the disaster of Sedan caused the collapse of the scheme. But it is strange that this simple method was not attempted earlier; or, now that its perfect feasibility has been proven, that it is not made more general. We

intend to postpone our tour through the great desert of Sahara until we can have these oases for the refreshment of our caravan at noon and night.

F. C. SESSIONS.

TANGIERS, Morocco, Africa, July, '89.

HISTORY OF THE MEDICAL PROFESSION AND MEDICAL INSTITUTIONS OF CHICAGO.

HOMEOPATHY IN CHICAGO.

X.

The strife over the City Hospital, as detailed in Dr. Shipman's article, resulted in favor of the homœopaths; but the civil war breaking out, the government took charge of it as a military hospital, so the full fruition of the victory was blighted. But the attention of the public was directed to the real merits of the case, in such a manner as to result in a decided gain to the homœopathic school, and this was still further intensified, by the manifest unjustness and narrow-mindedness of the Examining Board, which refused to even allow the physicians of the homœopathic belief to come up for examination for appointment as military surgeons. Such men as the great surgeon Dr. G. D. Beebe, and Francis Nicholas Cooke, were denied a hearing on their merits; and the dominant school with an intolerance born of ages gone by, united in an attempt to brand the whole homœopathic fraternity as

either shallow dunces or knavish imposters, unworthy of any confidence, and scarcely fit to breathe the same atmosphere with honest men. Even after the war, attempts were made to check the growing influence of the homœopathic columns, and in the year of the great fire the local allopathic society held a meeting to determine what measures could be adopted, that might extinguish the heresy, and clear the field of the troublesome obstruction. A committee was appointed to report, and the result of the report was very discouraging. From Michigan avenue to State street, the choice residence portion of the city, it was acknowledged that more than one-half of the families preferred and used the homœopathic practice. From State to Clark street, only about one-fourth, while from Clark street to the river, among the lower classes, and the disreputable portions of the

city, the allopaths had full sway, and the homœopaths were scarcely represented. One member suggested that the newspapers should be induced to take the matter up, but on investigation this was found to be impracticable, as the newspapers were owned and edited largely by men employing the homœopathic practice in their own families, and being familiar with the subject, could neither be hoodwinked nor subsidized.

In the meantime the homœopaths went on attending to their own matters, founding colleges, medical societies, dispensaries, periodicals, hospitals, and other institutions, commensurate with the advancing needs of their branch of the profession. Among these, the Hahnemann College—the most important—continued its work, graduating class after class of students, whose names have shed luster upon their chosen profession. That college was chartered by the legislature in 1855, and its first course of instruction was given in 1856. It has now been in continuous operation for thirty years. Its alumni, numbering nearly 1,800, are to be found in honorable positions in almost every State in the Union. Some of its professors, living and dead, are justly celebrated as among the most learned and useful members of the medical profession, whether as teachers, authors or practitioners. The "Old Hahnemann," as it is styled, is especially renowned for its clinical and objective advantages, the prac-

tical character of the instruction that is imparted, being reflected in a monthly journal, the *Clinique*, which is published under the auspices of its faculty. Of the tone of this publication the following extract from its valedictory for the year 1889, issued at the close of its tenth annual volume, will give a correct idea:

"Although it has not been padded with the controversial matter which always has a vanishing value, its yearly vintage has yielded almost one-third more pages than were promised its subscribers. It has had no place for intellectual trifling, for therapeutical illusions, for those gong-phrases which may mean something or nothing, nor for empty agitation of any kind. It took the initiative in reporting and preserving the clinical fruits of our Hospital, and the papers and discussions before the Clinical Society, and it has not for a moment turned from, or trifled with, that important trust. The output is a work of nearly 5,000 pages that will stand for the credit of the school from which it has emanated, of the teachers who have voiced its printed lectures (and many more of the same sort), and of the pupils who have been privileged to listen to those lectures and to study the cases upon which they were founded. It is already, and will continue to be, a work for reference by those busy physicians who like to know and to feel assured that the men who furnished the experience that has been recorded therein

are not only competent and capable, but are honest and earnest as well."

The Hahnemann dispensary was organized in 1858. This is the oldest homœopathic dispensary in the State, and the number of patients treated in it since then has averaged over ten thousand annually. It is run in connection with the Hahnemann Hospital. Hahnemann Hospital was founded through the generosity of the late Hon. J. Y. Scammon, of Chicago, who donated a building one hundred and twenty feet long, and twenty-six feet wide, with the grounds upon which it stood. This was known as the Scammon Hospital until 1873, when a new brick building thirty feet wide by one hundred and forty feet in length, was erected beside the old structure, at which time it was organized under the charter of the Hahnemann College, and renamed the Hahnemann Hospital of Chicago. This is still in full operation on Groveland Park avenue, near 29th street. It has accommodations for one hundred and twenty patients. The hospital has received but few donations only, although general in its character. In 1874 the Ladies' Aid Society in co-operation with the college authorities and others, organized a fair for the benefit of the hospital, which resulted in a net return of eleven thousand dollars in cash, and besides the monetary result, demonstrated the social standing and influence of the cause in a very decisive manner.

Being located outside of the district that was devastated by the Great Fire, the Hahnemann Hospital was not destroyed, but was put upon the list of institutions that were devoted to the relief of the sick and the suffering by that calamity. It thus received and took good care of its full quota of patients throughout that trying period, and when the surplus fund of that Society was finally divided, this homœopathic hospital received its full share of ten thousand dollars.

In the meantime, such institutions as the Home of the Friendless, and the Half Orphan Asylum were placed under homœopathic management with such satisfactory results, that they have remained with us since. Dr. Holbrook and others opened the West Division Homœopathic Dispensary, and Dr. Shipman the Foundlings' Home Dispensary, in connection with the Foundlings' Home. This latter institution, the Home, deserves a more extended notice. From a very small beginning has grown up a great result, and from its inception to the present time, its record has been one of continued growth and increasing usefulness. In 1870, Dr. George E. Shipman, a prominent homœopathic physician, had his attention attracted by the coroner's statement, that he held an inquest on one child daily found dead and exposed in and about the city. To ameliorate this condition, and prevent the murder of the innocents, be-

came in his mind a matter of profound reflection, and careful study. The doctor had practically no means of his own. Fire, sickness and necessary expenditures, had stripped him of all except his daily earnings, and the question of support for his own family, and the added one of all the foundlings that might be presented, was one that could well make him hesitate and postpone such an undertaking. Faith will remove mountains, and the doctor began his work as Mueller of Bristol, England, and Dr. Collis of Boston, had done before, by establishing a home for those unfortunates, on the solid rock of prayer, with faith as its foundation-stone. Against all difficulties he persevered, devoting his energies persistently and patiently, overcoming, one after another, the trials and discouragements; always finding the way open, even when to human vision it seemed blocked beyond possibility of relief, until from the modest little house at 54 Green street, that he took for three months at thirty-five dollars per month, it has reached the dignity of a home with buildings, which have cost nearly \$90,000, and has received within its walls over 5,000 children; and the work still continues with constantly renewing energies and increasing usefulness.

The Great Fire which occurred in Chicago on the night of October 8th to 9th, 1871, was a severe blow to the medical profession, in common with other departments of industry and ef-

fort. The United States Medical and Surgical Journal for January, 1872, in an article entitled "The Great Fire Medically Considered," says: "The fire destroyed six hospitals, more than a hundred wholesale and retail drug stores, four medical periodicals, with their offices and current issues, manuscripts, and proofs, back numbers, account books, and subscription lists, and about two hundred physicians lost their homes, offices, fixtures, libraries, instruments, and fields of practice; in short, everything in a single night. The entire edition of the October number of this journal was burned in the bindery, ditto the Transactions of the Illinois State Homœopathic Medical Society with the Transactions of the American Institute of Homœopathy, which were in press at the time of the fire."

By this conflagration about sixty thousand persons were left homeless, while the existing illnesses, the casualties of the occasion, and the disorders induced by the exposures, anxieties and distress of the calamity, made largely increased demands for medical aid. The writer of this article chanced to be the first physician offering services to the citizens' committee, and with Dr. C. Horace Evans was placed in charge of the medical department, and in conjunction with the Board of Health, helped to stay the tide of suffering by the establishment of temporary hospitals, the reinforcement of dispensaries, and the refitting of the existing hospitals left

standing. A corps of physicians was organized to attend to the temporary hospitals and dispensaries' day and night. The city board of health and the police gathered into the temporary places of refuge all the invalids and sick, who were exposed on the prairies and with insufficient shelter, and those requiring more extended care were then sent to the hospitals. In this connection one incident should be recorded. So great was the destruction of property that for the first few days the faith of the people in the future of the city was sadly shaken. The city credit was broken, and the mayor's pledge of the repayment of debts incurred for public purposes was an empty sound. To gather the medicines and medical stores needed for the refurnishing of these institutions was a difficult problem, but the firm of Fuller & Fuller, the wholesale druggists, simplified the matter greatly. This firm occupied one of the buildings spared by the fire, and possessed the only stock of drugs of any moment remaining in the city. A list was prepared of needed supplies for the dispensary work, and sent to them, with doubts as to its being accepted. However, not only was it filled with alacrity, but Mr. O. F. Fuller, one of the members of the firm, came with it himself to ensure its speedy delivery, and said that he had taken the liberty of adding to it some larger amounts of quinine, morphine, etc., than had been ordered, as their stock of these arti-

cles was low, and the dispensaries' supply might fail before they could renew their stock. Great calamities cement the inhabitants of a community into a common brotherhood, and the great fire seemed to burn out the petty film of bigotry and prejudice, and unite the medical profession like decent Christians in a oneness of purpose and freedom of association. The differences of opinion and practice weighed no more at that time, and the better qualities, the humanity and charity, the pure gold of the medical profession shone out in all its brightness. The organization known as the Chicago Relief and Aid Society seemed to have been formed expressly for such an emergency as had now come up, and the temporary Citizens' Association turned the general relief work over to this society. Dr. Homer A. Johnson, the chairman of the Committee of Sick and Hospitals, appointed his staff without regard to any previous prejudices of cliques, colleges or "pathys." In announcing the list of the committee the doctor said: "The money for this relief fund was contributed by all without regard to isms or schools, and so far as I am able to do so, it shall be distributed in the same spirit with which it was sent." Dr. R. Ludlam was the representative of the homœopathic school on the committee, and Dr. J. E. Gilman was continued in the work as secretary. The old-time prejudice was dead for the time being, and when the city was divided into

medical districts, each under the care of a superintendent, with a corps of visiting physicians, the homœopathic school was ably represented by such men as Dr. H. B. Fellows, and others. Our school learned that the other side were not all bigots, with the intolerance of a Torquemada, and they, the old school practitioners, discovered that homœopaths were not born with hoofs and horns, forked tails, and the accompanying characteristics, but were in all respects entitled to a due consideration as members of a learned profession.

So in this friendly feeling the winter passed on, and left a sentiment that the years have not obliterated, and as a consequence, Chicago is today the foremost city in the unity of medical practice. As one of the profession said to the writer: "You claim to be a physician, and so do I; you are responsible to yourself and your patients as I am for the manner in which we treat them, and so far as our attainments and abilities go we are equal as physicians." In a really scientific profession, and to high attainments, the petty quarrels and jealousies seem almost an impossible thing, and at the present writing these weeds that destroy good minds are practically rooted out.

Since 1871 a continual increase in numbers and influence catalogues the progress of the homœopathic branch of the profession. With one great college, the oldest of its kind in the west, and with a record that the

homœopathic world reads with pride, the field seemed to offer a place for a new institution, so in 1876 a new college organization was formed under the title of the Chicago Homœopathic College, and in 1881 the directors built a substantial and complete college building near the county hospital, on Wood street, with an amphitheatre capable of seating five hundred students, at the same time opening the Central Homœopathic Dispensary for out patients. With a natural spirit of rivalry, each college has endeavored to excel the other in the thoroughness of the curriculum, and the advantages offered to the students, to the undoubted benefit of both institutions. About this date the county hospital was divided into wards for the two schools of practice, and a corps of homœopathic physicians appointed to attend, and owing to the more enlightened era of medical tolerance, there has been little or no friction in all the years of this double occupancy, and the arrangement still continues, to the satisfaction of all right-minded members of the profession and of the community.

The Clinical Society of the Hahnemann Hospital was organized in October, 1876. It has an active membership numbering 105, meets every month, and is wholly devoted to the consideration of practical questions in medicine and surgery. Its transactions are published regularly in the *Clinique*, its work being done by established and responsible bureaus.

During its fourteenth year, just closed, the secretary's report shows that only one meeting went by default, owing to a terrific thunder-storm; that there was an average

attendance of fifty-seven physicians, and that the affairs of the society are in a most flourishing condition, as they have always been.

J. E. GILMAN.

DR. JOHN E. GILMAN.

WHEN the great fire swept away the city of Chicago in 1871 it made room for a new city. It was not the resurrection of the old Chicago which followed that memorable conflagration, but the evolution of a new metropolis, differing from, and in every respect immeasurably the superior of, the old one.

It is true the new city has some of the distinguishing characteristics of the old one, but there are just enough of them to clearly establish the fact of a common origin. In appearance, the Chicago which disappeared in flame and smoke a little more than eighteen years ago, was a provincial town compared with the magnificent city which we find occupying the same location to-day.

Compared with the massive business blocks of the present city, the buildings in which the trade of the old Chicago was carried on, were very shabby structures, and the fine residences of twenty years ago, would hardly be regarded now as fairly respectable tenement houses.

What were looked upon at that time as business enterprises of vast magnitude, would scarcely attract passing notice to-day, and the influ-

ence of the old city upon the trade and commerce of the country, was not a tithe of what it now is. In everything the new city is vastly broader and bigger and greater than the old one.

While the city has been undergoing this remarkable change, while it has been making such strides in the march of progress as have no parallel in the history of cities, a corresponding change has taken place in the character of its citizens. The men who have built up the new city of Chicago, are the men who were tried by the ordeal of fire in 1871, and demonstrated at that time, that they were men of irrepressible force and energy, of iron nerve and indomitable courage.

To have lifted the stricken city up out of its own ashes, and placed it on its old footing, would have been a great undertaking; but to lift it to the much higher plane which it now occupies has been a herculean task, only accomplished by the united effort of all loyal Chicagoans.

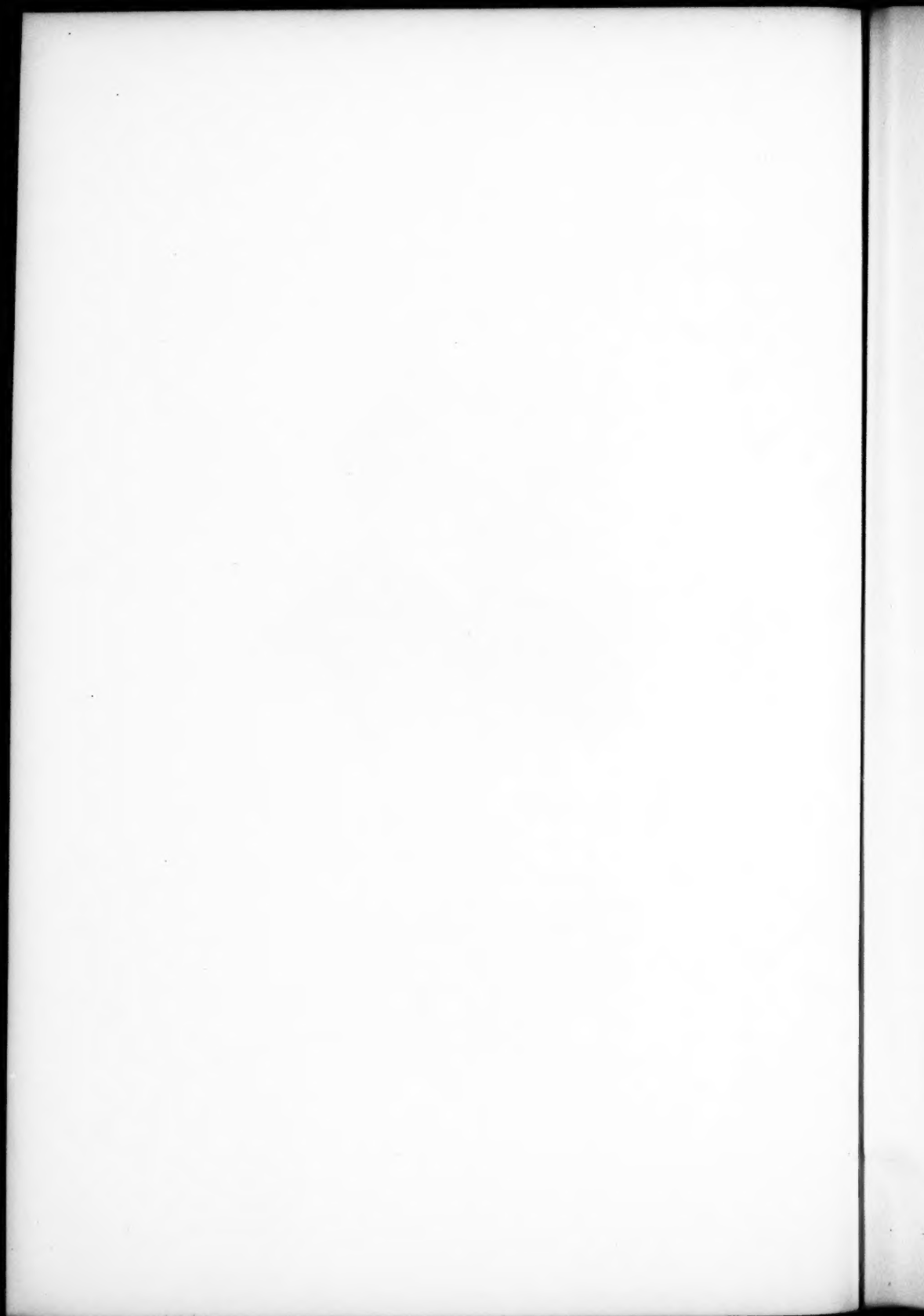
Not the least important result of this united effort, has been what may be called its reflex action upon those who participated in it, and the people



Magazine of Western History

Yours Truly

J. E. Gilman



of Chicago generally. Having been compelled by the force of circumstances to make a long, strong pull together, and having witnessed the magnificent results of that effort, the people of Chicago have gotten into the habit of working unitedly and harmoniously for anything which promises to contribute to the growth, importance or attractiveness of the city. This is the secret of the success which has attended the efforts of Chicago to secure national political conventions, and other similarly attractive gatherings, when brought into sharp competition with other cities of the country, within the past ten years. It is also the secret of the success which has crowned the efforts of the metropolis of the west to secure the World's Fair of 1892.

It may be said, therefore, that when we look at the Chicago of to-day, and compare it with the Chicago of 1871, we discover that the fire not only burned away the old, ugly and unsightly buildings, and made room for those which are models of their kind, but it also scorched to death the petty rivalries, jealousies and bickerings of her business and professional men, and made room for the broad liberality, which characterizes their dealings with each other at the present time.

Nowhere is this spirit of liberality more noticeable, than among those professional gentlemen, who are generally supposed to be, above all others, inclined to serious disagreements and

bitter controversies, the gentlemen of the medical profession.

It is said by those who are in position to know, that in no other city in the United States, do the different schools of medicine affiliate to the same extent that they do in Chicago. The beginning of this era of good feeling in the medical fraternity of Chicago, like many other beneficent influences, dates back to the fire.

It was at that time, when the tempest of flame swept over the city, leaving thousands of people homeless and destitute, when chaos reigned everywhere, and when the sick and suffering were driven into the streets, to huddle together here and there without food, medicines or shelter, that a prominent allopathic physician, and a young, but promising homœopathic practitioner, proffered their services, at the same time, to the citizen's committee which had undertaken to restore order, to care for the sick and distressed, and relieve, as far as possible, the general distress.

When the committee on "sick and hospitals" was regularly organized, Dr. H. A. Johnson, the allopathic physician above alluded to, was made chairman of the committee, and Dr. John E. Gilman, the homœopathic physician, became secretary of the same committee.

The time had been in Chicago, as in every other city, when gentlemen representing these two antagonistic schools of medicine, could not have met each other half-way on a single

proposition, or acted three-quarters of an hour harmoniously together. The great fire had, however, touched the medical profession of Chicago, and burned away its prejudices, and its unreasonable bitterness, along with the other rubbish of the city. The causeless bickerings and foolish dissensions were for the time being buried in the ashes of the metropolis, and there has never been anything like a general resurrection of the old animosities.

Side by side, and shoulder to shoulder, the two physicians, at the head of this important committee, worked together, almost day and night to relieve the sick and suffering, and their example was followed by their professional brethren of both schools. The work on hand had to be done under great difficulties. It was not in the power of the physicians themselves to furnish the medicines needed; it was not in the power of those who became their patients to supply themselves with medicines, because in many instances all their earthly possessions had been licked up by the fire, and they had not the means to procure even a night's lodging or a loaf of bread. The city government undertook to assume the responsibility of caring for all such unfortunate sufferers, but the ability of the city to discharge the obligation thus assumed, was very gravely questioned.

Chicago was looked upon by many as a ruined and bankrupt municipali-

ty, and not everyone who had the ability to honor the city's drafts was willing to do so. In conversation with the writer recently, Dr. Gilman said that when he made out the first invoice of drugs, which it was absolutely necessary his committee should have, and sent it to the drug house of Fuller & Fuller, this being the only drug store in that part of Chicago known as the "south side," which had not been destroyed by fire, he had grave doubts of having his requisition honored; and his confidence in the magnanimity and generosity of Chicago business men was vastly increased when Mr. O. F. Fuller, the senior member of the drug firm, came in person to deliver, not only the drugs ordered, but such other medicines in addition, as he had reason to believe would be needed by the committee.

It was the untiring efforts, the never-flagging zeal of Dr. Gilman in this work, which brought him prominently before the public, won for him the kind regard of his brother practitioners, without regard to the school to which they happened to belong, and at the same time secured to him that large measure of confidence in his skill and ability as a physician and surgeon, which laid the foundation for the splendid practice he has since built up.

That he should have achieved success in his profession, or in any other calling to which he had turned his attention, seems perfectly natural

to those who know the man, who have noted his diligence, his industry, and his remarkable capacity for so directing all his efforts as to accomplish the greatest amount of work in a given time. Those who know the history of the Gilman family could hardly excuse anything short of complete success in one of its representatives.

Although Dr. Gilman himself was born at Harmer, O., a suburb of Marietta, in 1841, he comes of the old Puritan family, which a somewhat noted historian has said "influenced for a century and a half, the political, ecclesiastical, social and financial history of New England." It was in 1638 that the first Gilman came over from England, and became the American progenitor of this noted family. Beginning with Nicholas Gilman, who was a moving spirit in the American revolution, the Gilmans of New England have ever since been prominent in public life. For eleven successive years John Taylor Gilman was Governor of New Hampshire, just before the close of the last century, and for three successive years at the beginning of the present century he occupied the same position, making in all fourteen years, that he served the people of his State, in the capacity of chief magistrate of the Commonwealth. At the same time his brother, Nicholas Gilman, was serving as a member of the Continental Congress, and later as a United States Senator from the same State.

President D. C. Gilman, of Johns

Hopkins University, and Dr. Chandler Robbins Gilman, an author of note, have been the members of the family most prominently before the public within the last quarter of a century.

On the mother's side Dr. Gilman is descended from the Fays, another old Massachusetts family. His mother and the late Horace Maynard, of Tennessee, who was Postmaster-General in President Hayes' Cabinet, and before that Minister to Russia, were born on the same day, on adjoining farms, near Westborough, Mass., in 1814, at a time when the fathers of both were absent from home, serving in the second war against Great Britain. There were eleven children in the Fay family, and three of the daughters married physicians. It was a sister of Dr. Gilman's mother who inaugurated the movement to build and maintain at the public expense the homes for orphan children which are now so prominent a feature of the public charities of Ohio and other States. This lady, Catharine Fay, by name, was for many years a missionary among the Choctaw Indians, and when the missionaries were driven out of the Choctaw country, shortly before the late war of the rebellion, she returned to Ohio, and at her own expense, built the first orphans' home in the State, at the town of Lawrence, on the little Muskingum river, in Washington County. She afterwards induced the Legislature to take action which led to the building

of similar institutions in almost all, if not all the counties in the State.

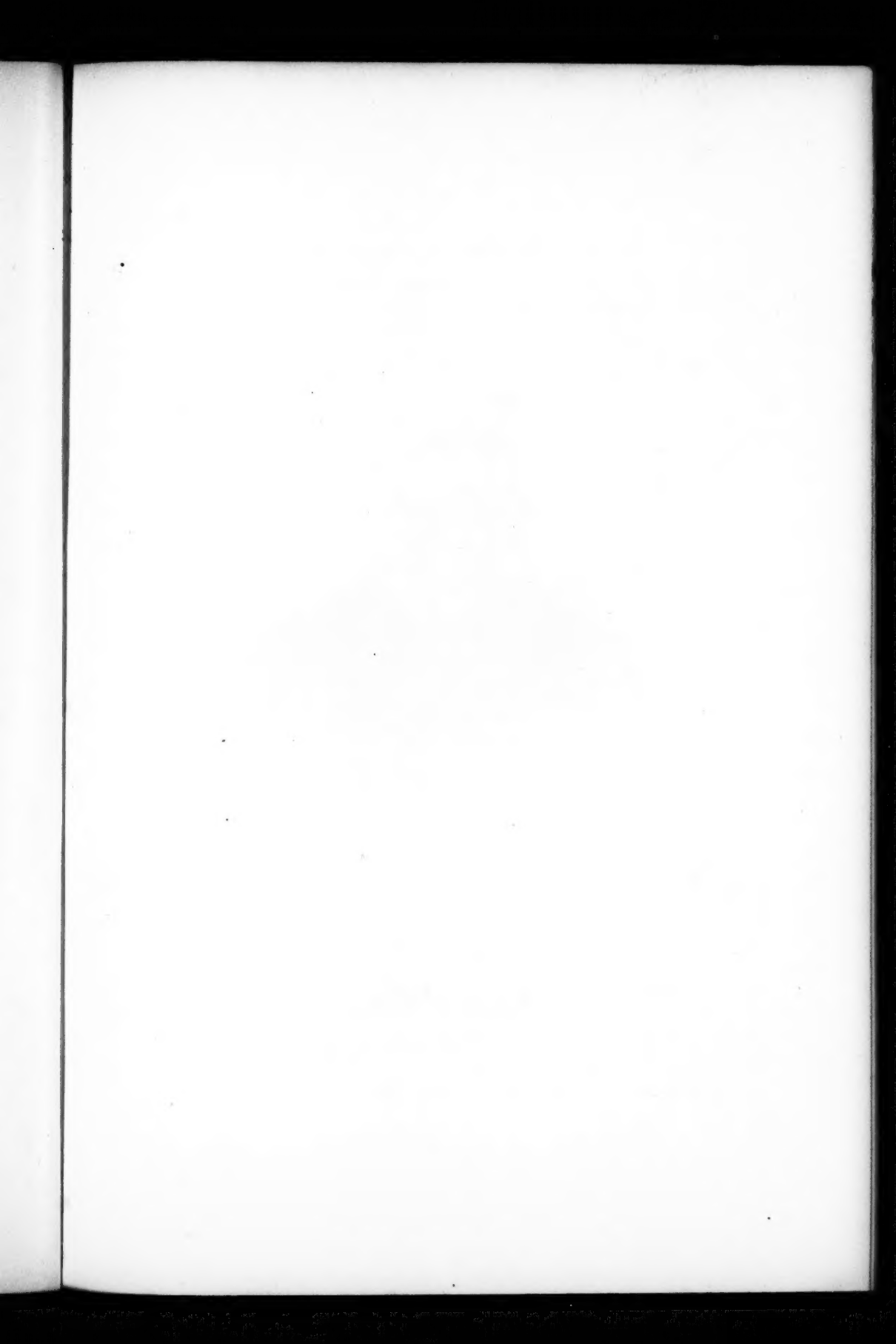
As his more remote ancestors had been among the earliest settlers of New England, his immediate ancestors were among the first to find their way into what was then the wild west, the unbroken wilderness on the banks of the Ohio river, where the first settlement was made in the Buckeye State. His grandfather settled at Belpre, opposite Blennerhassett's Island, that picturesque spot which is supposed to have served as the headquarters for those turbulent and restless spirits, engaged in Aaron Burr's conspiracy. Afterward he removed to Kentucky, where some members of his family still reside, his son, Dr. George Gilman, having been for many years a prominent physician of Lexington.

It was within a few miles of Belpre that Dr. Gilman was born; but when he was five years old he returned with his father, Dr. John C. Gilman, to Westborough, Mass., where the latter engaged in the practice of his profession. It was the intention of the father that his three sons should follow in his footsteps, so far as the choice of profession was concerned, and he shaped their studies to that end. Two of the sons drifted into the profession which had been chosen for them, but the third engaged in railroad business, in which he has been decidedly successful. William L. Gilman, an older brother of the subject of this sketch, after practicing

medicine for some years, entered the ministry, and is now at the head of a church in Denver, Col. There was nothing irksome to John E. Gilman, as a boy, about the calling chosen for him by his father. His studies were to him a source of pleasure, and the assistance which he was called upon from time to time to give his father in his surgical and other practice, increased his interest in what he looked forward to as his life-work. When he was seventeen years of age, his father died, and he afterwards studied with his brother, then practicing medicine at Marietta, O., and also under the direction of Dr. George Hartwell, of Toledo, O. He finished his course of study at Hahnemann Medical College in Chicago, and immediately thereafter commenced the practice of medicine in this city.

The measure of his success as a practitioner, has already been alluded to in this sketch, and it is only necessary to add to what has been said, that as a writer and educator he has become equally prominent. His contributions to journals and periodicals have covered a wide range of subjects, and have been by no means confined to the field of medicine. He has literary talent of a high order, and as an art critic, has been prominently identified with the Chicago press.

Notwithstanding the multiplicity of his professional duties, he has found time to devote himself quite extensively to art matters, and some years ago was one of the leading spirits in





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R. Dredman
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building up and maintaining the Crosby Opera House Art Gallery, one of the finest art galleries Chicago has ever had. At the same time he edited, in company with Mr. Joseph Wright, the *Chicago Art Journal*.

Hahnemann Medical College, the most noted of all the homœopathic educational institutions west of the Allegheny mountains, has recognized his ability as a physician by selecting him to fill the chair of "physiology, sanitary science and hygiene," a position which he has held since 1884.

In 1860 Dr. Gilman was married to Miss Mary D. Johnson, who although living in the west at the time of her marriage, was no less than her husband a Puritan as to lineage. The farm upon which Mrs. Gilman was

raised at Westborough, Mass., was acquired by purchase from the Indians, by the Johnson family, and descended from father to son, until her father, having no sons to hand it down to, allowed the old place to pass out of the family.

Although not a drop of anything but Puritan blood runs in the veins of the Gilman family, the Chicago representative of the old New England stock, while revering the general nobility of character of his ancestry, and the class of God-fearing, liberty-loving men to which they belonged, is by no means blinded to their faults, and some clever criticisms in verse, of their old-time creeds and customs, have been among the products of his pen. HOWARD LOUIS CONARD.

DR. REUBEN LUDLAM.

STANDING, in his official relation to the renowned Hahnemann College of Chicago, next to its venerable president, and really exercising the controlling influence in shaping its destinies and defining its policy, is a member of the medical profession whose fame is not circumscribed by city or State limits. As an educator and author, the name of Dr. Reuben Ludlam is familiar to physicians of the homœopathic school in all parts of the United States, and by no means unknown beyond these limits, while as a practitioner his services are in demand in all sections of the west and northwest.

Dr. Ludlam began his professional life in Chicago. He was born in Camden, New Jersey, on the 7th of October, 1831. His father was Dr. Jacob W. Ludlam, a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, who became eminent as a member of the medical profession, came "west," and spent the later years of his life at Evanston, Illinois, where he died in 1859.

Reuben Ludlam had a genius for the profession which he has now graced for nearly forty years. In his early boyhood he began looking forward to the time when he should adopt the same calling to which his

father had devoted his life, and it never occurred to him that he should grow up to be anything other than a physician. He had no desire to be anything else, no taste, so far as he was ever able to discover, for any other calling or occupation in life. He had, however, a very ardent longing to begin the study of medicine, and to be looked upon as a doctor. While still a child he derived much greater pleasure from being allowed to accompany his father on his daily visits to patients, than he could derive from any of the ordinary childish amusements. The encouragement which he received from his father increased his interest, and not long after he began making "professional calls" of this kind, he began surprising older people by his knowledge of diseases and the remedies necessary to effect their cure. After receiving a thorough English education, he began the study of medicine, while still in his teens, under the preceptorship of his father. This course of study lasted six years, and was of the most thorough and exhaustive character.

After attending three courses of medical lectures, he graduated in 1852 from the University of Pennsylvania,—the same institution from which his father had received his degree many years earlier,—and came to Chicago in January of 1853.

Having been educated in the allopathic school, he began practicing that system when he first located in Chicago, soon after his graduation.

While he was devoted to this system, his regard for it was not of that character which prevented him from looking upon anything which did not bear the allopathic stamp. Nature had constituted him an original thinker, and the bent of his mind was toward research and investigation. The homœopathic school of practitioners were obtaining a foothold in the west, and their methods were attracting the attention of the public. Investigation as to the merits of their system, and consideration of the arguments urged in support of their practices, seemed to Dr. Ludlam to be no more than the physician owed to himself, his profession, and a community entitled to all the benefits of scientific discoveries. Taking this view of the matter, he made a careful study of homœopathy, and the result of this study was that he decided to become a homœopathic practitioner.

His own conclusions were that this was the preferable system of practice, but with that liberality which is the distinguishing characteristic of broad-minded men the world over, he was quite willing to admit that others might conscientiously and intelligently reach different conclusions, and that they had a perfect right to entertain views differing from his own. It was no part of his belief that infallibility had been attained in the practice of medicine, or that his own or any other school should lay claim to a monopoly of knowledge of the healing art. Deprecating all unchar-

itableness and bigotry among members of the medical profession, he held the view that members of the opposing schools of medicine should each labor conscientiously to discharge their duties to mankind, allowing themselves to be judged by the results of their efforts to alleviate human suffering.

Hence it happened that in the bitter controversies which followed the introduction of homœopathy in the west, his was the pacific spirit which sought under all circumstances to pour oil on the troubled waters, and to bring the representatives of the old and the new schools of medicine into harmonious relations with each other. His professional conduct, his writings and his public utterances, were alike calculated to allay rancor and bitterness, and promote harmony and good feeling. An address delivered to the students of Hahnemann Medical College in 1867 is fairly illustrative of the force, the eloquence and the impressiveness with which he expressed himself upon this subject. Speaking to the young men whose professional conduct he sought to influence, he said:

"No cause is more likely to arouse an unfortunate antagonism among doctors of different creeds than the assumption by either party of an exclusive right to medical knowledge. Positive refusal to counsel together, direct and emphatic denials of ability and experience, an open infraction of the ninth commandment, the display

of ungentlemanly and unchristian conduct are some of the fruits of this feeling. Both the instigators and the victims of this temper of mind are apt to talk harshly, and to put too much vinegar into their ink when they write for the medical press. It is provoking to have it said that one is stupid, incompetent, unscrupulous; to be classed with impostors of every kind, from Paracelus to the inventor of the last nostrum; to be rebuked and ridiculed for professing a faith that is founded upon actual experiment and observation.

"It does ruffle one's temper to be chronicled as ignorant of the collateral sciences by one who supposes, for example, that the prostate gland is to be found in the brain, or Peyer's patches in the seat of his patient's pantaloons! But it would be unmanly and cowardly to yield to abuse in lieu of argument; to be frightened from our post of duty by the smell of the burning fuse and the threatened explosion. The rock of confidence between the public and the profession may be blasted and rent in twain; but, if we are competent and skillful, and withal self-poised and charitable, we shall escape without so much as the smell of fire upon our garments.

"Because Hahnemann, whose name our college is proud to bear, was opposed, maligned, abused and persecuted from city to city, we are not to take up the cudgels against all those who adopt the faith of his enemies, and

who continue to wage a war of extermination against us as heretics. Because he was fallible we need not be ferocious. Because he was compelled to vindicate his claims to a hearing, we need not, therefore, be vindictive against those who refuse to recognize him as a great benefactor. Our circumstances and those which surrounded him are reversed. He stood alone against the sentiment, tradition and interest of the whole profession, and the ignorance and credulity of the people. We have thousands of the best practitioners and a large share of an intelligent patronage upon our side. He must feel and fight his way into notice, while we are privileged to spend our energies in elaborating his discovery, and adapting it to the physical necessities of mankind.

"Harsh words have no healing properties. There is no need to revive the old bitterness. The incontrovertible logic of facts is the best lever at our command. As physical injury and dissipation trace their characters in the lineaments of the dissolute and abandoned, so the mental fisticuffs in which doctors are prone to indulge, leave their impress upon the mind of the physician. They detract from his self-respect, and from the respectful consideration and confidence that the community reposes in him and his calling."

It was such pacific utterances as this, such practical and sensible advice to members of the medical

profession of his own school, which contributed more than anything else to the existing good feeling among medical practitioners of Chicago.

In his practice Dr. Ludlam was eminently successful almost from the beginning of his professional career. Turning his attention largely to the diseases of women, he devoted years of study not only in this country, but in the hospitals of Europe, to this class of ailments. To uterine surgery he gave special attention, and his success in this field of practice has been almost phenomenal. A national celebrity and the rich rewards of superior professional attainments have come to him as a natural sequence.

Seven years after he began the practice of medicine in Chicago, Hahnemann Medical College was established, and although he was at this time but twenty-eight years of age, he was called to a professorship in that institution, with which he has ever since been connected. He was first elected to the professorship of Physiology, Pathology and Clinical Medicine, and after four years was transferred to the chair of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children. At a later date he became Professor of the Medical and Surgical Diseases of Women and dean of the college faculty, a position which he still retains. To no one who has ever been connected with it, is the college under greater obligation than to Dr. Ludlam, for

its high standing among the medical educational institutions of the country. A watchful guardian of its interests, and a liberal contributor to its resources, he has labored constantly to elevate its standard to the highest available plane and to increase its usefulness to the fullest possible extent.

As a contributor to medical and surgical literature, he long since became recognized as one of the most prominent of western physicians. For six years he was editorially connected with the North American Journal of Homœopathy, published in New York, and for nine years with the United States Medical and Surgical Journal, published in Chicago. The first Medical work ever published in Chicago was the product of his pen. This was "A Course of Clinical Lectures on Diphtheria," published in 1863. In 1871 he published another volume, entitled, "Clinical and Didactic Lectures on the Diseases of Women," an octavo volume of over a thousand pages. This work has run through many editions in this country, and has also been translated into the French language and published in Paris. Numerous other works have been written by him, which have been warmly received by the medical profession, and from the French, of Jousset, he translated a work on clinical medicine, in 1879, to which he added many original and valuable notes.

As general editor of the *Clinique*, "a monthly abstract of the clinics and of the proceedings of the clinical society of the Hahnemann Hospital of Chicago," now in its twelfth volume, he has contributed much that is valuable to the medical literature of the country, one of his recent contributions being "Clinical Observations Based on Four Hundred Abdominal Sections."

The honors which have been conferred upon him from time to time by prominent societies and associations of physicians, local and national, testify to their appreciation of his ability and high character. As president of the Chicago Academy of Medicine, the Illinois Homœopathic Medical Society, the Illinois State Board of Health, the Western Institute of Homœopathy, and the American Institute of Homœopathy, he has rendered distinguished service to both his profession and the public, reflecting honor alike upon his calling and himself.

A man of broad, general culture, an able writer and a charming public speaker, courteous and affable in his intercourse with patients and brother practitioners, *suavitor in modo* under all circumstances, this distinguished western physician is one of the most conspicuous figures in the American medical world. Dr. Ludlam has but one child, a son, who is also a physician, bearing his father's name.

HOWARD LOUIS CONARD.

DR. GEORGE E. SHIPMAN.

While the medical profession of Chicago has contributed its full share to the general upbuilding of the city, it has been specially prominent in the great work of inaugurating charitable enterprises and founding the benevolent institutions which to-day attract the attention of all visitors, and are the pride of the resident population. While the people of the western States and cities have never been accused of being in any sense illiberal or ungenerous, it has sometimes happened that they lacked system in dispensing charity, and that certain classes of unfortunates have failed to be properly cared for, as a consequence of this lack of systematic and concerted action, on the part of those who possessed both the will and the means to relieve the suffering and distressed. Very early in the history of Chicago, however, steps were taken to perfect various organizations of charitably disposed persons, and as a result, splendid eleemosynary institutions have sprung up in all parts of the city. Admirably classified, these institutions throw open their doors to all who properly become public charges, whether they be senile and decrepit old men and women, infant waifs or indigent sufferers of any other age or condition. In building up the hospitals of the city, and giving their time and attention to the suffering poor, who become inmates of these institutions,

the physicians of Chicago have as a matter of course, had in view to some extent the professional advantages resulting from having the hospital annexed to the medical college, but in many instances their services have been as freely given in behalf of other charities, from motives which cannot be regarded otherwise than philanthropic.

The most conspicuous perhaps of all the physicians who have been entirely unselfish in charitable work, and who have had in view only the betterment of the condition of those most to be pitied of all God's creatures, the infant outcasts, is Dr. George E. Shipman, one of the earliest homœopathic practitioners of the west and the founder of the Foundling's Home of Chicago.

Twenty years ago Dr. Shipman's attention was attracted to the fact that the lives of many children were being sacrificed every year in Chicago, in some instances by unnatural mothers who left them to perish in the streets, and in other cases through the inability of such unfortunate parents to care for their offspring properly. Believing that this was an evil which should be remedied, and that the way to remedy it was to establish an institution for the care of foundlings, he formulated plans for a home of this character, secured temporary quarters, and to some extent at his own expense cared for the little

ones prior to 1872. By that time the worthy character of the undertaking had become apparent to the general public, and a number of kind-hearted and sympathetic people came to his assistance. The enterprise which he had gotten partly under way, was then incorporated, and a board of trustees took nominal charge of its conduct and management. Dr. Shipman, however, continued to act as superintendent and chief executive officer of the institution, and still retains the position in which he allowed himself to be placed eighteen years ago. Under his management the Foundling's Home has become one of the most noted institutions of its kind in the west, and the venerable physician who has presided over its destinies from the beginning, is justly recognized as one of the most philanthropic spirits of the city.

Dr. Shipman was born in New York city, March 4th, 1820, and at the present time has just completed his three score and ten years of existence. He received his early education in the city of his birth, and at a later date spent a year or more at Middlebury College, Vermont, but was graduated at the New York City University in 1839.

Although but nineteen years of age at that time, he had made choice of a profession, and in accordance with his predilections he at once began the study of medicine, under the preceptorship of Dr. Alfred C. Post. At the end of a thorough course of study

and attendance upon lectures, he received his medical degree from the College of Physicians and Surgeons of New York, in 1843, and soon afterwards came west. He first visited Peoria, but after a time decided to locate permanently at the town of Andover, in Henry county, Illinois. Here he began practicing in 1844, but four years less than half a century since. A year later he returned to the east, and was married to Miss Fannie E. Boardman, of Northford, Connecticut. Then, after practicing another year at Andover, he removed to Chicago, where he has since resided, and divided his time between professional, educational and philanthropic work.

When he began practicing medicine in accordance with the usages of the homœopathic school, there were scarcely half a dozen homœopathic physicians west of the Ohio river, and no member of the new school did more to advance its interests in the west, in the early years of its history, than did Dr. Shipman.

In 1848 he began publishing the *Northwestern Journal of Homœopathia*, which was the first homœopathic publication issued in the northwest. It was a bright, ably-edited journal of sixteen pages, and played a somewhat important part in familiarizing the public with homœopathy and homœopathic practice, thereby popularizing the new school with the masses of the people. He continued the publication of the journal four

years, and having been the pioneer editor of homœopathic publications in the west, it was perfectly natural, that at a later date, when the school of medicine to which he belonged had been strengthened by additions proportionate to the general increase of population, he should become the editor of the recognized organ of the western homœopaths.

In 1864 the Western Institute of Homœopathy was organized, and at its second annual meeting, held at St. Louis, 1865, he was appointed editor of the *United States Medical and Surgical Journal*, published under the auspices of the Institute. The first number of this journal was issued in Chicago in September of 1865, and for five years Dr. Shipman filled the position of editor. During the last year of his editorship of the journal, he also translated from the German, at the request of Dr. Von Grauvogl, surgeon-in-chief of the Bavarian army, the latter's "Text-book of Homœopathy," which was published in 1870. In his journalistic capacity he has been an important contributor to homœopathic literature, and on many occasions made his influ-

ence felt through the press, when those who followed the teachings of Hahnemann were struggling to place themselves on an equal footing with old school practitioners.

When homœopathy received the first official recognition in Chicago, in 1857, Dr. Shipman was one of the physicians designated by the Common Council of the city to take charge of a department of the new city hospital. Three years prior to that time he had himself established the first homœopathic hospital in Chicago, at the instance and expense of Mrs. John Wright, and in 1855, when Hahnemann College was established, he became a member of the Board of Trustees named in the charter granted to the institution. He was afterwards a member of the college faculty, and for three years occupied the chair of materia medica and therapeutics. For more than forty years he has been prominent as medical practitioner, educator and philanthropist, and in the years to come no one of his contemporaries will be held in more kindly remembrance by the people of Chicago.

H. L. C.

THE BENCH AND BAR OF CHICAGO.

UNITED STATES, STATE AND COUNTY COURTS.

PRIOR to the time the constitution of 1848 went into effect the courts held in Chicago were quite unable to transact the business which poured into them. There was a time (in 1837) when the municipal court had been created to relieve our overcrowded circuit courts—which had been established to ease the burdens of the State supreme judges—that many of the citizens of Chicago protested against having the dam broken; so far as known, this was the only instance in the city's history in which a strong organization representing the debtor element stood up boldly to block the wheels of justice, because they feared, if judgments were entered up against its members, that bankruptcy would be brought upon the community. Such men and lawyers as E. G. Ryan, Scammon, Collins, Spring, Goodrich, Arnold and Ogden defeated this attempted suspension of the operations of the court, but it was abolished in the Legislature in 1839, and the circuit courts followed its fate two years later. But five additional justices of the Supreme Court were appointed, thus returning to the system of 1818. Still, the pressure of business—especially criminal—was too great to be

borne by the long-suffering supreme judges, and the Cook County Court was created in 1845.

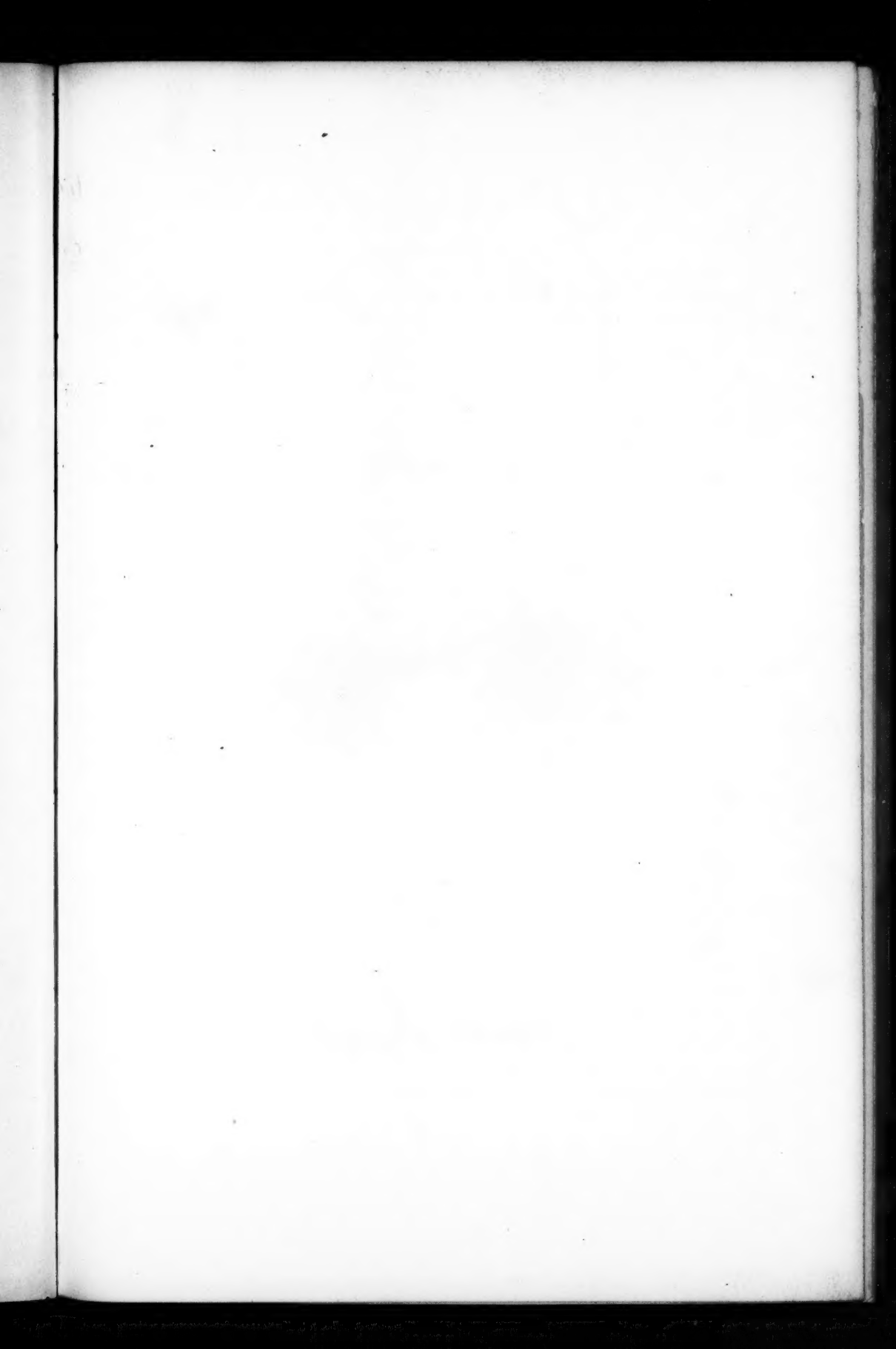
The new judicial system went into force in December, 1848. Henceforth, the State judiciary was to be at the mercy of the voter instead of the Legislature. The Supreme Court was, of course, retained. Circuit courts were re-established, and the General Assembly was to increase the number of these courts according to the necessities. (Before 1870 the necessities had caused an increase in the number of circuit courts from 9 to 30!) The county courts were to have jurisdiction over probate business, minor civil cases, and those of a criminal nature, in which the penalty prescribed by law for the offense was a fine of not to exceed \$100. County judges and justices of the peace replaced the old county commissioners' court and judges of probate. And still the pressure was not relieved, for in the spring of 1849 the Mayor's Court (first established under the municipal charter of 1837) was revived, and in 1853 a court was created called the Recorder's Court, it having concurrent jurisdiction with the circuit court in all criminal cases, except treason and murder, and in civil cases

where the amount involved did not exceed \$100. Appeals from the justices of the peace went to the circuit courts. The first judge of the recorder's court was Robert S. Wilson, who, during the ten years of his incumbency, sent one thousand criminals to the penitentiary, and did more than any other one man to make the laws respected. Furthermore, the Legislature passed an act in 1851, supplementary and amendatory of the city charter of 1837, giving the common council power to designate justices of the peace for the collection of judgments, penalties or forfeitures, and to try cases for the violation of city ordinances, which was the origin of the police justice courts, which dockets are even now continually overcrowded. Under the constitution of 1870 the recorder's court became the criminal court of Cook county, with no jurisdiction in civil cases, and presided over by judges of the circuit and superior courts. In preceding papers Judge Anthony has clearly traced the uncertain life of the circuit courts of the State and the development of the superior court from that of Cook county, and from the Cook County Court of Common Pleas. The constitution of 1870 also provided for a probate court, which was established in 1877. Cook county was formed into one circuit, two of its five judges being those who presided over the recorder's and the circuit court. Under the constitution, four appellate courts came into being,

in 1877, one of them for Cook county. Two circuit judges, who are assigned by the State supreme court, constitute a quorum for the hearing of cases appealed from the circuit or superior court. Criminal cases go directly to the supreme court.

Hon. Joshua C. Knickerbocker was elected the first judge of the probate court in 1877, holding the office until his death in 1890. There was some conflict of authority between the court newly created and the county court, which formerly had jurisdiction over probate matters, but Judge Knickerbocker's position, that under the constitution establishing it for a special work there could be no concurrent jurisdiction between the two, was sustained by the supreme court. Judge Nathaniel C. Pope, who by his advocacy of the present northern boundary line of the State saved Chicago from being a Wisconsin city, held the first term of the United States court in this city. The term lasted five weeks, and was held in the law office of Buckner S. Morris—afterward Judge Morris—in George W. Meeker's store building on Lake street, between Clark and Dearborn streets.

Judge Pope died in 1850, and was succeeded by the late Hon. Thomas Drummond, who had distinguished himself at that time as a member of the Galena, Illinois, bar, with which he had been identified since 1835. He held his first term of court in Chicago in July, 1854, his rooms also being in





Engraving of William Brewster

Wm. H. Brewster

the Meeker building, whose proprietor was the United States commissioner for the district. Three years previous Commissioner Meeker had tried the case of Morris Johnson, a runaway slave from Missouri, and had the satisfaction of seeing him discharged because of a defect in the description of color and height.

When Illinois was divided into two districts in 1855, the late Hon. Thomas Hoyne was appointed United States district attorney for the northern district of Illinois. Mr. Hoyne was one of the most widely known of the early members of the Chicago bar. He was a man of high character, who was not only distinguished by reason of his ability as a lawyer, but on account of his broad culture and the active interest which he took in advancing the educational standard of the west and building up its institutions of learning.

His brother, Philip A. Hoyne, who became a United States commissioner in Chicago—about the same time that he became district attorney—still retains that office, and in point of service is the oldest commissioner in the northwest.

In 1858 the seventh judicial circuit of the United States consisted of Illinois, Indiana, Michigan and Ohio,

John McLean, who stood shoulder to shoulder with Marshall and Story, presiding over it, and often gracing Chicago with his learned presence. In 1862 Illinois fell into the eighth, and four years later was returned to the seventh circuit. During the former year David Davis, who for many years had been a resident of Bloomington, was assigned to this circuit, and his tremendous figure and large mind and heart became familiar to the people of Chicago and the country. He walked hand in hand with Lincoln, who showed his appreciation of his ability and his services by appointing him to the supreme bench in 1862. Previous to his lamented death, he was elected to the United States Senate in 1877.

In 1868 Congress passed a law for the appointment of a resident judge for each of the nine circuits. Judge Drummond was appointed to this position by President Grant in 1869, Henry W. Blodgett succeeding him as judge of the northern district of Illinois. When Judge Drummond resigned in 1884, Walter Q. Gresham, the brave general, the able judge and Congressman from Indiana, ex-Postmaster General of the United States, succeeded him.

HON. JOHN N. JEWETT.

JOHN N. JEWETT, whose position as a recognized leader of the Chicago bar has given him a conspicuous

place among the eminent lawyers of the United States, began the practice of his profession in this city in 1856.

Although his professional life began in "the west," and his earliest experiences as a practicing lawyer were in the courts of one of the smaller cities of Illinois, like most of the men now prominently before the public in western States, Mr. Jewett was born in that portion of our country which is usually designated "the east."

The family to which he belongs is one of the oldest in New England, and has contributed no small number of illustrious names to American history. Within a few years after the landing of the Mayflower, the Jewett family tree was planted in America by two brothers, who came over from England and settled at Rowley, Massachusetts. After a time these brothers drifted apart, one of them identifying himself with the colonists of Maryland, and the other remaining in New England. In this way the two branches of the Jewett family became separated very early in their history, but the representatives of both have kept the name prominently before the public.

Of the Maryland family, Hugh J. Jewett and his brother, Thomas L. Jewett, both of whom emigrated to Ohio, where they became noted as lawyers, railroad managers and financiers, have been perhaps the most distinguished representatives.

The New England family gave to Vassar College its first president, in the person of Milo Porter Jewett. Luther Jewett, one of the first members of Congress from Vermont, and

John B. Jewett, a distinguished publicist of Boston, who gave to the world the first edition of Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," also came of this stock, and it is to this branch of the family that John N. Jewett belongs.

Born in the town of Palmyra, Somerset county, Maine, in 1827, the chief inheritance of John N. Jewett was an honorable name, a vigorous intellect, and an ambition—the latter probably handed down to him from some of his more remote ancestors—to distinguish himself in one of the learned professions.

The conditions by which he found himself surrounded in early life were not entirely favorable to the realization of his ambition. His father was a farmer, who was endeavoring to bring under cultivation one of those New England "hill farms," which necessitate the expenditure of so much time and labor to make them productive, and as soon as he was old enough to render material assistance, he was called upon to take an active part in this work. This prevented him from spending more than a few months of each year in school, and necessarily retarded his progress to a considerable extent. Notwithstanding this fact, he determined, in his early boyhood, to obtain a collegiate education, and his preliminary course of study was shaped to that end. Although he labored under some rather serious disadvantages, he succeeded in fitting himself for college

by the time he was eighteen years of age, and was making arrangements to matriculate at Bowdoin College, when his father determined to remove from Maine to Wisconsin.

In view of the fact that his health had become somewhat impaired by study and hard work, his father persuaded him to defer entering college one year, and make a trip to the west with his elder brother, who was to go to Wisconsin in advance of other members of the family, to look up a satisfactory location in what was about to become a new State. In accordance with this arrangement, the two young men set out together in the spring of 1846, and at the end of a tedious journey, over a circuitous route, they found themselves in the town of Madison, then as now the capital of Wisconsin.

The elder brother selected a farm for his father and himself near Madison, and sometime afterward they were joined by the members of the family who had been left behind in Maine. John N. Jewett turned his attention to school teaching, and remained in the west something more than a year before he returned to Maine to enter college. During this time he pursued a systematic course of study, with the object in view of keeping up with the class which he had intended to enter at Bowdoin a year earlier. That he labored to good purpose was attested by the fact that he passed his examinations and became a member of the Sophomore

class of that institution in the fall of 1847, losing no time in consequence of his having spent a year among the pioneers of Wisconsin. In 1850 he received his baccalaureate degree from Bowdoin, and soon afterward became one of the principals of what was then a popular and well-patronized academy at N. Yarmouth, Maine. He had long before that made choice of a profession, and intending to fit himself for the practice of law, he began reading elementary law-books at the same time that he began teaching school at N. Yarmouth. He remained there two years, and at the end of that time returned to Wisconsin.

Judge James H. Collins and George B. Smith, prominent among the pioneer lawyers of that State, were then practicing together at Madison under the firm name of "Collins & Smith." Mr. Jewett entered their office, and completed his studies under their preceptorship. In the spring of 1853 he was admitted to the bar, and at once went to Galena, Ill., where he became the associate of Wellington Weigley, a lawyer in active practice, with whom he formed a professional partnership.

Although he remained but little more than three years at Galena, he made a favorable impression upon the bar of that city, and when he left there for Chicago in 1856, he was looked upon as a young man with a bright future before him.

The year previous to his coming to Chicago, in 1855, he was married to

Ellen R. Rountree, a daughter of Hon. John H. Rountree, of Wisconsin. In his new location he first entered the office of Judge Van H. Higgins, for many years one of the best known lawyers in the west, and remained there until the spring of 1857. He then entered into a partnership with Judge Walter B. Scates—who had resigned his place on the Supreme Bench of Illinois to resume the practice of law—William K. McAllister (afterward a member of the Cook County Judiciary), and Francis B. Peabody. This partnership was conducted under the firm name of "Scates, McAllister, Jewett & Peabody." At the end of a year Mr. Peabody retired, but the remaining members of the firm were associated together until 1862, when Judge Scates entered the government military service to become a participant in the war of the rebellion. This left Messrs. McAllister and Jewett to continue a partnership, which was finally dissolved in 1867. From that date until 1886, when Mr. Jewett associated with him his two sons, Edward R. and Samuel R. Jewett, thereby establishing the firm of John N. Jewett & Jewett Brothers, he had no actual partnership connection with other attorneys.

The firm of which he was a member from 1858 to 1862 was one of the most prominent in the west at that time, and early in its history became identified with a vast amount of im-

portant litigation. Although Mr. Jewett was the junior member of the firm, he soon became a conspicuous figure in the courts, and demonstrated early in his career that he had legal ability of a high order. The eminence that he has since attained stands, therefore, as the result of two factors—the adoption of a calling for which nature evidently designed him, and conscientious, unremitting devotion to that calling since his professional life began.

His practice having been of a general character, his experience has extended over a wide field, and he has been brought prominently before the public as a counsellor in many of the most noted civil cases tried in the Chicago courts within the past twenty-five years. He has no liking for criminal practice, and has had little to do with it since the earlier years of his professional life.

Mr. Jewett's distinguishing characteristics are rather those of an eastern than of a western lawyer. He may be said to belong to that class of keenly analytical and profound lawyers of which Senator George F. Edmunds, of Vermont, is so distinguished a representative. Dignified and courteous in manner, scholarly and chaste in his utterances, what he has to say to either court or jury always commands respectful attention, while his air of candor and frankness is wonderfully effective in winning verdicts and shaping court decisions.



Magazine of Western History

Sauey Smith

Never in any sense a politician, Mr. Jewett has but once allowed himself to become a candidate for office. In 1870 he was elected to the State Senate, and as a member of that body he interested himself mainly in adapting legislation to the features of the present constitution of Illinois, which had just then been adopted. In this work he rendered valuable services to the people of the State, and was accounted an able legislator and faithful public servant.

At the close of a single term in the Legislature he retired to private life, and resumed the practice of his profession, from which distinguished honors since tendered him have failed to turn his attention. His eminent fitness for the judicial office was recognized long since, not only by the Chicago bar, but by the bar of the State. After he had declined to consider favorably propositions to place him, first upon the bench of Cook county, and at a later date upon the supreme bench of Illinois, his appointment to the

supreme bench of the United States was asked for by many of the ablest and most influential members of the western bar. Mr. Jewett himself half reluctantly consented to allow his name to be presented to President Hayes for consideration in this connection, but declined to place himself in the position of a seeker after the position. Being urged by some of his most enthusiastic friends to address a letter to the President in his own behalf, he dismissed the proposition with the remark that he would not write such a letter if he had the positive assurance that it would secure for him the associate justiceship. The vacancy which existed in the Supreme Court at that time was ultimately filled by the appointment of the late Justice Stanley Mathews, and the least disappointed, perhaps, of all those who were identified with the movement to secure Mr. Jewett's appointment was that gentleman himself.

HOWARD LOUIS CONARD.

HON. SIDNEY SMITH.

IN 1856 three members of the Chicago bar came together and formed a partnership for the practice of law, under the firm name of Goodrich, Farwell & Smith.

The members of this firm were Grant Goodrich, W. W. Farwell and Sidney Smith. They had all been born, educated and admitted to the

bar in the same State, but they differed from each other widely in personal characteristics, professional peculiarities and methods of practice. All three were, however, thorough lawyers, and each brought to the firm an element of strength peculiar to himself.

As a natural sequence of this com-

bination of forces, it was to be expected that the firm, as such, should leave a marked impress upon the bar of Chicago. It is, however, of more than passing interest to note that each gentleman named, distinguished himself to such an extent as to be called upon to serve the same constituency upon the bench, and that they succeeded to the judicial honors in the order of their ages and years of experience at the bar.

Sidney Smith, now one of the recognized leaders of the western bar, was the youngest of this trio of lawyers. He is a native of New York State, and grew up on a farm. After pursuing an academic course of study he read law in the office of Messrs. Church & Davis, one of the widely known law firms of western New York, and was admitted to the bar at Albion, in the same State. Immediately after his admission he began the practice of his profession in his native State, and remained there until he came to Chicago in 1856. He was still in his young manhood when he began the practice in this city, and he entered upon his career as a western lawyer, a strong man physically and mentally.

Brought up in the midst of those environments which seem to develop will power, mental activity and self-reliance, proportionate to their development of brawn and muscle, he carried with him into professional life these prime requisites to success. Having studied law of his own voli-

tion, and not because someone else had fixed upon that as a proper course for him to pursue, he entered the profession with a full appreciation of its duties, its responsibilities, and its requirements. It never occurred to him to cast about for any royal road to success, but realizing that there were obstacles to be overcome and difficulties to be surmounted, he allowed nothing to divert his attention from the legitimate business of his calling, and concentrated all his energies upon the thorough mastery of the principles and practice of law.

His literary education, which had been somewhat less liberal than that of the men who usually attain equal eminence at the bar, was supplemented by careful self-education of the most practical kind. His faculties were active, his perception quick, and the grasp of his mind comprehensive. An apt scholar in the school of experience, he lost no opportunity in the early years of his practice, of making the most of this educational process. Endowed by nature with strong argumentative powers, and a fair share of that persuasive eloquence which, under our American system of trial by jury, has always been more or less potent in the shaping of verdicts, courageous, vigilant and aggressive, while still a comparatively young man, he became noted as one of the leading trial lawyers of Chicago.

With marked ability in the conduct of cases on trial, he combined equally

marked ability in the preparation and presentation of the cases in which he was retained.

Mr. Smith's partnership with Messrs. Goodrich and Farwell continued up to the time Mr. Goodrich took his place upon the bench as a Judge of the Superior Court of Cook county, and after the expiration of his term of service, it was renewed and continued until Mr. Farwell became a Judge of the Circuit Court of the same county, when it was finally dissolved. Mr. Smith then continued the practice alone until 1879, when he was himself elected a Judge of the Superior Court, for a term of six years.

In his practice at the bar he had become especially noted for his zealous and ardent championship of every cause with which he became identified. His sympathies once actively enlisted in behalf of a client, he entered upon the trial of a case, with all the spirit and earnestness of a man struggling to maintain his own most cherished rights.

So strongly marked was this characteristic that there were those among his contemporaries at the bar—who never for a moment questioned his fitness for the bench, as far as knowledge of the law, honesty and integrity of purpose were concerned—who were inclined to speculate, when he donned the ermine, as to whether or not he would find it possible to entirely dispossess himself of the character of advocate, and look at every case

which came before him through uncolored judicial glasses.

It was demonstrated, however, at the outset of his judicial career, that there was no occasion for uneasiness on this score. Litigants who found themselves in Judge Smith's court were compelled to admit that they had nothing to fear other than the inherent weakness of their cases. No favors were shown, no prejudices entertained, no rights overlooked, disregarded or trampled under foot. The ardent advocate became the fair-minded, impartial and dispassionate judge, forcibly illustrating the fact, that the active practice of law serves to increase the respect of the practitioner for the law itself, to beget in him a profound reverence for the judicial function, and a thorough appreciation of the duties and responsibilities of the judicial position. During the six years he sat upon the bench, Judge Smith added largely to his reputation as a man of fine legal attainments. While he was careful of the rights of litigants, he was equally jealous of the rights of the public, and with the energy and forcefulness, which are among his distinguishing characteristics, he labored to expedite and facilitate the business of the courts, and to dispose of pending cases with as little delay as possible. Practical in an eminent degree, business-like in his methods, quick to perceive the point of an argument, and having no patience with legal sophistries, he aimed to reach

conclusions by the shortest and most direct route. Looking upon the "law's delays" as evils of our system of jurisprudence, which should be remedied to the fullest possible extent, his decisions were rendered with admirable promptness, and he has had no superior on the bench of Chicago and Cook county as an able and useful public servant.

Retiring from the bench at the end of his term of office in 1885, Judge Smith resumed the practice of law with all his old-time zeal and energy, and he has since that time been conspicuously identified with a large share of the most important litigations occupying the attention of the State and United States courts of this city.

Broadened in his knowledge of law and his judgments of men by his years of experience upon the bench, he has lost none of his former aggressiveness and force, and his connection with a case at bar always means that every inch of ground is to be stubbornly,

and, at the same time, skillfully contested. Less diplomatic and less strategic, perhaps, in his movements in legal contests than some of his distinguished contemporaries at the Chicago bar, he accomplishes equally important results by the promptness of his action and the vigor of his onslaughts. In the figurative language of one of these contemporaries, "his favorite weapon is the broadsword rather than the rapier, and his legal adversaries are, as a rule, quite willing to admit that he wields his favorite weapon with wonderful force and effectiveness."

In politics he has affiliated, since the war period, with the Republican party, and when not occupying a judicial position, he has interested himself actively to promote the fortunes of that organization. He has taken a prominent part in many State and national campaigns, and is looked upon as one of the able champions of the principles of his party.

HOWARD LOUIS CONARD.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE Historical Society of Newburg, New York, calls the attention of the country to a variety of interesting facts in the following minute, adopted at a late meeting of that body: "The attention of the Historical Society of Newburg Bay and the Highlands having been called to the fact that the Navy Department of the United States has not yet selected names for all the war vessels in process of construction, and mindful of the fact that names have been given to war vessels because of their associations with important events of the revolution, as, for instance, Saratoga or Yorktown, would respectfully urge upon the Secretary of the Navy the claims of Newburg as worthy of a similar recognition. It was at Newburg and in its vicinity that the army was encamped after the victory at Yorktown. It was here that Washington saved to America the liberty won by the sword, and gave to the world the highest proof and noblest example of patriotism it ever had seen in returning the proffered crown. It was here that the formal proclamation of peace was made and the Continental Army was disbanded. Congress, appreciating the surpassing importance of these and other events of the revolution that transpired here, made generous provisions for a centennial celebration in 1883 and for the erection of a monument as a permanent memorial of the closing events of the revolution. In that centennial celebration the United States Navy, by direct order of Congress, bore a conspicuous part. It is therefore ordered that the secretary of the society be instructed to send to the Secretary of the Navy this expression of its feeling and

desire, with the earnest hope that its consideration may prompt the selection of Newburg as a very appropriate name for one of these newly-constructed war vessels, to be thus associated with Saratoga and Yorktown, as reminders of the struggles and victories of the revolution."

At the August term of the territorial court, held at Warren, Ohio, in 1801, says the venerable Harvey Rice, in one of his inimitable sketches of western life, Lorenzo Carter, the noted hunter, was granted a license to keep a tavern at Cleveland on paying into the county treasury the sum of four dollars. The entire Reserve was then included within the limits of Trumbull county, and the county seat established at Warren. The State Constitution was adopted in 1802. At the first State court held in Warren, after the first adoption of the constitution, Lorenzo Carter, of Cleveland, as it appears of record, was indicted for assault and battery. He was greatly astonished when the officer arrested him, and said he must take him to Warren for trial. The friends of Carter were still more astonished than he was, and resolved that he should not be taken to Warren, and proposed to resist the sheriff, asserting that Carter was and always had been an upright and peaceable citizen. The sheriff was obliged to summon aid, and finally succeeded in producing him bodily in court. It was known at Warren that Carter enjoyed the reputation of being a brave, bold and daring frontiersman, and it was supposed by the citizens of Warren that he must therefore be a dangerous fellow. But when arraigned

before the court his quiet and manly appearance created a favorable impression. The charge made against him proved to be as frivolous as it was revengeful in spirit. It grew out of a dispute between him and one of his Cleveland neighbors, who owned a favorite dog. Carter had discovered that the dog was in the habit of stealing into his milk-house at the spring, and lapping up the cream from the pans. He finally caught the dog in the act, and chastised the brute. The owner declared his dog innocent. Carter declared the dog guilty. The owner then pronounced Carter a liar. Carter instantly returned the compliment by slapping his accuser in the face. Carter frankly pleaded "guilty" to the indictment. The court readily comprehended the nature of the quarrel, and ordered him to pay a fine of six cents and costs. This he did forthwith. He was received on his return home by his many friends with such open demonstrations of joy and triumph as to convince his accuser that the sooner he removed from Cleveland the better it would be for his personal safety.

We gain yet another glimpse of one of the foremost men of those pioneer days in the following scrap from the late Col. Whittlesy's "Early History of Cleveland": Samuel Huntington, who was an attorney, removed with his family to Youngstown early in the summer of 1801. He soon determined to establish himself in Cleveland, and contracted with Amos Spofford to superintend the erection of a well-built block house of considerable pretensions, near the bluff south of Superior street, in rear of the site of the American House. Huntington was then about thirty-five years of age. He was the protegee and adopted heir of his uncle and namesake, Gov. Samuel Huntington, of Connecticut. His education was very complete for those times. It would appear from his correspondence with Frenchmen, his knowledge of the French language, and the polish of his manners, that he had spent some time

in France. His family consisted of his wife, Miss Margaret Cobb, a companion and a governess, and two sons, Julius C. and Colbert, who still survive (1867). Huntington belonged to the more moderate Republicans, and does not appear to have lost the confidence of the Federalists. Gov. St. Clair soon appointed him lieutenant-colonel of the Trumbull county regiment, and in January, 1802, one of the justices of the quorum. The only time when the governor is known to have visited the Reserve, was at the trial of McMahon, at Youngstown, charged with the murder of an Indian named Spotted George, at the Salt Springs. Mr. Huntington acted as counsel in the case, but on which side I am not informed. The extreme Jeffersonian Republicans, like John S. Edwards and Judge Tod, looked favorably upon Huntington, who was ambitious and popular, and who entered at once upon the career of a public man. He took, by common consent, priority on the bench of Quarter Sessions. In November, 1802, he was elected a delegate to the convention to form a State constitution, which appears to have been well received by St. Clair. After its adoption he was elected Senator from Trumbull county, and on the meeting of the first legislature at Chillicothe was made speaker. On the 2d of April, 1803, he was appointed a judge of the Supreme Court, his commission, which was signed by Gov. Tiffin, being the first issued under the authority of the State of Ohio. A character so prominent and successful, no doubt, had a favorable influence upon the place of his residence, which, in 1801, was nearly depopulated. In person he was small, but exceedingly active. His manners were affable, though somewhat after the French style. In business, his habits were correct and efficient.

A CORRESPONDENT has raised the question as to how the so-called Public Square of Cleveland came to be opened by the two public highways now cutting through its cen-

tre. A page of interesting municipal history might be written in connection therewith. On July 22d, 1856, Mr. F. T. Wallace, Councilman from the Cleveland Fifth Ward, introduced a resolution inquiring into the power of the council to enclose the four separately fenced lands into one entire park and into the expediency of such a step on their part. James F. Clarke and a large number of other leading citizens presented a petition to the council asking that it be done. The petition was referred to the judiciary committee, of which Mr. Harvey Rice was chairman. After a careful examination of the original survey, field notes, plot, etc., the report was offered that the act would be legal and beneficial. The conclusion of the matter was delayed, however, until March 24th, 1857, when the four entrances were closed in the night, as an enjoinment was threatened. The fences were placed across the Superior and Ontario street entrances, and all travel therefore was obliged to go around the entire plot of ground in passing from Euclid avenue or Ontario street to Superior street, and vice versa. For some time but little opposition to the new order of travel was offered. But when the location of the post-office and custom house on its present site drew much travel in its direction, when Case and City Halls were in contemplation, and when the newly organized street railways began to press for the right of way through the enclosed streets, a feeling arose among property owners that the welfare of the property holders thereabouts, and of public trade in general, called for a removal of the enclosures and the reopening of Superior and Ontario streets through the park. Both sides of the question found vigorous adherents. Perhaps no question of purely local interest ever excited more attention than did this one at the time of its occurrence. Among those who heartily favored the removal of the fences were Mr. Leonard Case, Sr., and Mr. Harvey Rice. Mr. Leonard Case, Jr., was also in-

terested in the matter, and anxious that the streets should be opened. A long petition, signed by all the property holders on and about the Square, was presented to the council, and the matter was finally brought in a suit before the Court of Common Pleas. The case was heard before Judge S. B. Prentiss, who delivered a decision in favor of opening the Square, holding that the city authorities had no right to impose an incumbrance or an obstruction of any kind on lands set aside for the use of the public. This decision was not appealed from, although there was dissent expressed. Hon. James Mason, who was attorney for those who resisted, said afterward that if the decision of the matter had rested upon him as judge, he should have decided as did Judge Prentiss, and upon the same grounds. While the legal aspect of the matter was being discussed in the court room, the citizens were putting their opinion into practical execution. As the fence had been erected in the night, so in the night it mysteriously disappeared. Early morning found the newly opened thoroughfares filled with wagons and pedestrians, who have, from that day to this, enjoyed undisputed right of travel through the ornamental avenues of the Cleveland Public Square.

THE above references to Lorenzo Carter and Governor Huntington, recall another well-known figure of those early days. Many good stories are told of Andrew Coffinberry better known as the "Old Count," the Nestor of the pioneer bar of north western Ohio. The following is one of them: Some forty years since, the Count was employed to assist a resident attorney at Kalida, the then county seat of Putnam county, in the trial of a slander suit brought by a respectable woman against a malicious fellow who had basely maligned her good name out of resentment for her refusal to countenance his proffered attentions. The Common Pleas Judge, David Higgins, an astute lawyer, was engaged for the defense. The judge was an elderly,

venerable looking man, with a sad pale face, snow white hair and ministerial air, who had studied for the Episcopal ministry and familiarised himself with the Bible. Being an exceptionally fine reader, he, in the course of his argument to the jury, read with much expression and effectiveness the 7th chapter of Proverbs, of "The young man void of understanding, and the strange woman whose house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death," etc. When he had reverently closed the sacred volume, the judge paused and looked at the judges on the bench, the awe-stricken jury and the large, attentive audience, deeply penetrated with this solemn appeal to the authority of holy writ. The Count who had carefully and indignantly noted the effect of this most unwarrahtable resort to the reading of the holy scriptures, to blast the good name of his respectable client, when there had not been a word of evidence given, even tending to show immodesty or indiscretion on her part, slowly rose to his feet, threw back his bald head so as to plant his nose at its wonted angle of forty-five degrees when addressing the bench, with a face as grave as the Sphinx of Egypt, and deep resonant voice, enquired: "YOUR HONORS, SHALL WE SING?" The effect was electrical, the judges struggled until they were almost black in the face, to comport themselves with becoming dignity, but it would not do, judge, jurors, and spectators were convulsed with laughter, and as often as they looked at the old Count who stood grandly and innocently looking at the court as if astonished at their levity in the court room, they roared again and again, until Judge Higgins indignantly left the room, literally laughed out of court. It goes without saying that the presiding judge finally recovered his equanimity and delivered an able, impartial charge to the jury, who rendered a verdict for exemplary damages for the Count's fair client.

FRAUNCE'S TAVERN, says a writer in the

New York *Sun*, the old building in Broad street which is about the last genuine Washington's headquarters left in New York, is being extensively altered. The first floor is elevated several feet above the pavement, and the walls have been knocked out at the corner preliminary to lowering the floor and doing away with the necessity for steps up into the saloon that at present occupies the premises. There was considerable doubt as to the stability of the ancient walls, and elaborate preparations were made for keeping them from tumbling down while the changes were being made. When the workmen came to tear away the bricks, however, they found them solid as rock, and they had to be knocked off in bits. Builders who have examined them say that there is not a solid building in New York to-day than this one which was put up by Dutch bricklayers a couple of hundred years ago. Relic hunters have eagerly carried off fragments of the old building which the masons have knocked out of the walls. The bricks are the thin, old-fashioned sort, yellowish in color, which were imported from Holland.

THERE are some salient points, not generally remembered, that must be set firmly in the mind, before one can fully understand the history of the Mormon church. Sixty years ago, a party of six men gathered in a little room in western New York, and laid the foundation of that remarkable organization, basing their expressed belief upon the claims of divine power put forth by Joseph Smith, and upon certain golden plates he declared he had been shown by an angel, hidden away in a hill of Palmyra. In fourteen years, or less, two hundred thousand people were the adherents of that church; its missionaries, apostles and priests were to be found in all parts of America, in England, upon the European continent, and on the isles of the sea; it had built two temples and one city; and the ignorant well-digger's son, Joseph Smith, was not only hailed as a revela-

tor, prophet and seer, but was crowned with riches and temporal honor, and had become a political power of no mean proportions in that part of the west he had made his home. Even discerning, as we now do, the springs of action and the combination of causes that brought so much out of that which seemed so little and was so mean, one can but look upon this beginning and growth as one of the wonderful things in the history of this new land. Who built the Mormon church, and how was it built with such rapidity? In attempting an answer to that question, we must bear in mind the fact that this great growth came before polygamy was announced as one of the doctrines or practices of the church, and when each Mormon was instructed by his leaders to have but one wife, and to cling unto her. This great season of early growth commenced at Palmyra, New York, in 1830, and ended when the Prophet Smith and his brother were shot to death in the jail in Carthage, Illinois, in 1844; while polygamy was not declared until the church had been located in Utah, in 1852.

How, THEN, did this rapid accumulation of forces, and extended membership come about? There were several contributing causes. The chief must be sought for in the credulity of the age. During the first third of the present century, a wave of spiritual delusion and excitement swept all over the inhabited portion of the United States. Its culmination may be found in the Millerite vagary, when the day was set upon which the world was to come to an end, and the faithful but deluded believers gave away their earthly possessions, and with their ascension robes upon them, assembled at break of day in the sure expectation that the world would be given to fire, and they be caught away into the heavens. People even of education and sound business sense, all along the years named, allowed their superstition or natural fervor to carry them to any

lengths of spiritual belief. Many believed the millennial day had come. Isolated examples of various new faiths and half-insane "isms" might be given; and none were so insane or fanciful that some could not be found who would believe. Men as cunning and more learned than Joseph Smith, the idle son of idle and superstitious parents, were his partners in this gigantic imposture that was fastened upon the world. How or by what means the Book of Mormon came into being, no man now living can tell. But come it did, and there was enough of learning, enough of mystery, enough of Biblical phraseology, enough of something about it, to give it an impress upon the minds of the ignorant and credulous among whom Mormon conversions were generally made. With deep cunning, these leaders of Mormonism did not attempt to supplant the Scriptures, but rather led the way to their purposes through the well-trod avenues of the existing creeds. They said in effect: "The Old Testament was given for the guidance of early man in the childhood of the world; the New Testament for his guidance in the days of his manhood; and now that the latter-days have come, a new dispensation has come with them. The millennial days have dawned, and a new light has been given to the world. We are the saints of the Latter-Day Church, and this is the new revelation, by the acceptance of which the saints shall be separated from those who shall be lost." The man who really wished to accept Mormonism because he honestly believed it, could, therefore, do so without forsaking his old faith in the sacred thunderings of Sinai, or the sweet instruction of the sermon upon the mount.

AMONG the other causes that gave an impetus to Mormonism may be mentioned the real devotion of many of its missionaries and priests, who were so deeply deluded themselves that they easily led others into their own delusions; a general protest against

the harsher methods of the older faiths that had not yet been modified to meet the wants of the newer life of the nineteenth century; the various communistic experiments that men like Robert Dale, and later, Horace Greeley, were advising; and the fact that there is always a crowd of hangers-on and adventurers ready to mount any new hobby, and be led to the length of any new excitement, and that the Mormon Church, in its

early day, harbored its full proportion of these. When Nauvoo, a year or two after the Prophet Smith's death, was destroyed, and the Mormon church commenced its hegira to the wilderness of Salt Lake, the cloven foot had been already shown, and the people of the United States discovered that a power for great evil had been allowed to grow to maturity in their midst.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"VINCENNES, ONE OF THE OLD TOWNS OF THE WEST."—COMMENTS BY MR. DUNN.

TO THE EDITOR: As secretary of the Indiana Historical Society, I feel that I should not leave unchallenged the communication in your July number entitled, "Vincennes, One of the Old Towns of the West." The article appears to have been compiled from a history of Knox county, published in 1886, which includes a larger amount of purely imaginary history than is usual even in that class of publications. The errors contained in it were corrected in my "Indiana," in the Commonwealth Series, but as many persons read this magazine who would probably never see the history, I will briefly call attention to the facts here.

There is no evidence worthy of mention to show that Vincennes was founded prior to 1727. There is none whatever to show that it was founded by Juchereau in 1702. M. Juchereau set out to found a post at the mouth of the Ohio River, and did found one at the site of Cairo, Ill., in the winter of 1702-3, as is recorded contemporaneously in the journal of La Harpe, under date of February 8th, 1703. He did not descend the Wabash at all, but made his journey from Canada by the Wisconsin and Mississippi River route. His post was short-lived. He died about a year after its foundation, and in 1704 M. de Lambert, who commanded

after his death, abandoned the post on account of a war that had broken out among the Indians. The post was never afterwards occupied, but during its brief existence Father Mermet acted as missionary there, and had his celebrated controversy with the Mascontin medicine men. From the account of this controversy in the *Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses* arose the erroneous idea that it occurred at Vincennes, but Father Charlevoix, who records the same anecdote, expressly locates the scene at the mouth of the Ohio. The rest of the account, including the doings of Leonardy, Goddare and Turpin, the building of a fort, and the establishment of a church, is unmingled fiction, evolved from the brain of a local historian who never offered any authority in support of it.

Vincennes was founded about the year 1727 by Francois Morgan, who became Sieur de Vincennes in 1719, on the death of his uncle, Jean Baptiste Bissot. The earlier incidents of his alleged history belong to the uncle, and not to the founder of our post. In the expedition of 1736 against the Chickasaws, the Sieur de Vincennes was under command of D'Artaguiette, commandant of Fort Chartres, who was also killed at the time. The battle occurred in what is now Mississippi instead of Arkansas. In 1736

the post at Vincennes was known as the Post des Pianguichats, and at various times subsequently as Post du Oubache, Post St. Ange, or St. Anne, or the contraction, Au Poste, which the Americans commonly wrote "Opost." The proper orthography of the name is Vincennes.

Louis St. Ange, afterward Sieur de Belle Rive, succeeded Vincennes in 1736, and at once took command of the post, which he continued to rule until 1764. It is hardly necessary to say, that there was no addition to the population of Post Vincennes "as early as 1720 by the inhabitants of Ouitenon." Post Ouitenon was founded about the year 1720, and was a flourishing trading post until after the English occupation. In 1765 it had a much larger fur trade than Vincennes. For various reasons no one came to take command at Post Vincennes for the English until 1777, but the duties of commandant were performed by Jean Baptiste Racine, commonly known by his nick-name St. Marie. Lt. Gov. Abbott, of Canada, took possession and had hardly corrected the disorders that had arisen from lack of government when Clarke's expedition brought the post under American rule.

In conclusion, I would rectify the injustice

done to Gen. George Rogers Clarke in connection with his expedition of 1786. The idea that this move was occasioned by Jay's proposed treaty for the relinquishment of navigation of the Mississippi, is wholly without foundation. The expedition was directed against the Indians on the Wabash and failed on account of Clarke's intemperate habits, but there is no evidence that he and his companions were endeavoring to cause war with Spain. At the same time there is abundant evidence that the manifested spirit of the western people did much to influence Congress to abandon the policy of surrendering the Mississippi to Spain. In the matter of seizure of goods for use of his army, Clarke and his officers were acting within the bounds of their orders, as construed by the supreme court and the attorney general of Kentucky. They were never "censured for their actions by a board of investigation." On the contrary, they demanded an investigation and never received it. They were victims of secret enemies, and Clarke went to his grave feeling that his country was devoid of gratitude, but posterity will write his name high in the roll of those who have performed great and patriotic deeds for their native land.

I. P. DUNN, Jr.,

AMONG THE BOOKS.

"THE POLITICAL BEGINNINGS OF KENTUCKY. A NARRATIVE OF PUBLIC EVENTS BEARING ON THE HISTORY OF THAT STATE UP TO THE TIME OF ITS ADMISSION INTO THE AMERICAN UNION." By John Mason Brown. Filson Club Publications No. 6. Printed by John P. Morton & Co., Louisville.

This sixth issue of the publications of the Filson Club of Kentucky is an added evidence of the enterprise and usefulness of this society, founded in honor of the first historian of Kentucky. The author, whose earthly career ended soon after the completion of this work, is one who was in all ways competent for the task in hand. He was an able writer, an exact investigator, and a candid critic. He has varied his work somewhat from the usual path, having made close investigations into what "were known as Spanish, French and British intrigues in the West, and righted the wrongs inflicted upon some of our best and wisest pioneers. To accomplish this desired end he not only appealed to original authorities (printed and MS.) in this country, but secured from foreign archives copies of the official dispatches sent by agents to their governments touching these transactions. The dispatches of Dorchester, Miro, and Gardoqui have been especially laid under contribution. He has left unexplored no field where the gleanings of original truth could be had, and the result of his labors here recorded in a clear, unostentatious, but captivating style, will make his book authority upon the subject treated." He has ably handled many incidental facts not of necessity in the direct line of his subject; as, for instance, his discussion of the derivation and significance of the word

"Kentucky," which we are told is derived from an Iroquois word which means "meadow land," and not the "dark and bloody ground," as has been generally understood. An admirable portrait of Col. Brown serves as a frontispiece to the work.

"JOHN JAY." By George Pellew. In "American Statesmen" series, edited by John T. Morse, Jr. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York.

The author of this entertaining and comprehensive life of John Jay, has been confronted with the difficulty that becomes an incidental part of any undertaking of the kind—the task of crowding the acts and scenes of a long, varied and useful life, into so narrow a space. But as there is room enough in this series for all the essential facts, with such comments and incidents as brighten its pages by the way, the extra labor of the author turns out to be the reader's gain. In addition to this difficulty, the author finds that Jay was "by disposition so reticent and unimpulsive, so completely self-controlled, that there is scarcely any material for constructing a history of his inner private life. He was singularly free from those faults which, trivial or serious, attract men's love by exciting their sympathy or pity. Conscientious, upright, just and wise, John Jay, like Washington, survives in the popular imagination as an abstract type of propriety; and his fair fame has been a conspicuous mark for all who are offended by hearing an Aristides always called the just, or who, from an *a priori* notion of history, believe that statesmen have always been as corrupt, civic virtue as tainted, and politics as demoralizing as they are in our own time." By the aid of later

light thrown upon the life and labors of Jay, the author has been able to prepare a really entertaining and just sketch of his life, and what we cannot but regard as a fair and honest estimate of his character.

"ESSAYS OF AN AMERICANIST: ETHNOLOGIC AND ARCHÆOLOGIC; MYTHOLOGY AND FOLK LORE; GRAPHIC SYSTEMS AND LITERATURE; LINGUISTIC." By Daniel G. Brinton, A. M., M. D., Professor of American Archaeology and Linguistics in the University of Pennsylvania, President of the American Folk Lore Society, etc., etc. Published by Porter & Coates, Philadelphia.

Prof. Brinton, the "Americanist," who has won a national reputation by his various and varied studies of all the past of this western continent, modestly describes the papers here collated, as "essays," in the sense in which old Montaigne employs it, "endeavors." The purpose had in mind in their preparation, he declares, is "to vindicate certain opinions about debated subjects concerning the ancient population of the American continent." These unsettled questions cover not only the antiquity of man upon this continent, but also the specific distinction of an American race, and in the generic similarity of its languages, in recognizing its mythology as often abstract and symbolic, in the phonetic character of some of its graphic methods, in believing that its tribes possessed considerable poetic feeling, in maintaining the absolute autochony of their culture—in these and in many other points referred to, he finds himself, as he confesses, at variance with most modern anthropologists, and these essays "are to show more fully and connectedly than could their separate publication," the grounds upon which he bases these opinions. Several of these essays have not appeared in print, while those that have appeared in various periodicals have been rewritten, so as to bring them up to the latest researches in their special fields. It is a mine of valuable information here opened, and a vast variety of fact has been compressed within the space allowed.

"LIFE AND TIMES OF EPHRAIM CUTLER; Prepared from his Journals and Correspondence. With Biographical Sketches of Jervis Cutler and William Parker Cutler." By Julia Perkins Cutler. Published by Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.

This companion volume to the life of Rev. Manasseh Cutler, mentioned some months ago in these pages, carries us still farther along the history of that portion of the west, of which Marietta was the center. A brief glance at his life and the chief labors thereof, will furnish the best possible outline of what the book contains. Ephraim Cutler was the eldest son of the eminent divine mentioned above, and came to Ohio from Connecticut in 1795. After a brief stay in Marietta, he settled in Waterford. In 1798, he induced Lieutenant George Ewing, and Captain Benjamin Brown to join him in establishing a settlement in the Valley of Federal Creek, near the present site of Amesville, Athens county. In 1806, he removed to the bank of the Ohio river, six miles below Marietta, where he lived until his death, in 1853. He was a judge of the Quarter Sessions, and the Common Pleas in the Northwestern Territory, a member of the second Territorial Legislature, and of the convention which formed the first constitution of Ohio. He introduced in the convention, the clause in the constitution prohibiting slavery, and that relating to religion and education. He was the largest shareholder in the famous "Coonskin Library." As a member of the Ohio Legislature, 1819 to 1825, he introduced the first bill for establishing a system of common schools in Ohio, and he was the first and foremost advocate of an *ad valorem* system of taxation in the State. A large portion of the "Life" is an autobiography. This includes the accounts of the second Territorial Legislature, and of the first Constitutional Convention, which are nowhere else so fully given. There are entertaining sketches of Governor St. Clair, General Rufus Putnam, Lieutenant George Ewing, Captain Benjamin Brown, and

others who were prominent in the early days of the Territory and State. Major Jervis Cutler was a younger brother of Ephraim. He came to Ohio with the band of pioneers, led by General Rufus Putnam, and on the 7th April, 1788, cut the first tree on the present site of Marietta. He was for a time an officer in the army, and in 1808, was stationed at Newport barracks. He was the author of a "Topographical Description of the State of Ohio, Indian Territory, and Louisiana," published in 1812. William Parker Cutler was the youngest son of Ephraim Cutler. For fifty years he was a prominent figure in Southern Ohio. He was Speaker of the Ohio House of Representatives in 1846, was a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1850, and of the 37th Congress. For twenty years he was actively connected with the Marietta and Cincinnati Railroad, as director, vice-president and president. Copious extracts are given from his journals and correspondence. His diary while in Congress, in the winter of 1862 and 1863, is of especial interest. The accounts given of the secret meetings held by the union members of Congress, and of the measures discussed by them will be a revelation to many. It will be thus seen that far more of historical interest may be found in this work than is covered by the life record of the men whose names appear upon its title page.

Pamphlets and other minor publications received:

"AN ADDRESS COMMEMORATIVE OF GEORGE W. CLINTON: DELIVERED BEFORE THE BUFFALO HISTORICAL SOCIETY, MARCH 24, 1890." By David F. Day.

"THE LIFE OF HENRY DODGE, FROM 1782 TO 1833. WITH PORTRAIT BY GEORGE CATLIN, AND MAPS OF THE BATTLES OF THE PECATONICA AND WISCONSIN HEIGHTS IN THE BLACK HAWK WAR." By William Salter.

"RECOLLECTIONS OF GENERAL GRANT, WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE PRESENTATION OF THE PORTRAITS OF GENERALS GRANT, SHERMAN AND SHERIDAN, AT THE U. S. MILITARY ACADEMY, WEST POINT." By George W. Childs.

"REMINISCENCES OF THE GREAT REBELLION: CALHOUN, SEWARD AND LINCOLN." By Hon. J. M. Ashley.

"DEVELOPMENT OF THE KING'S PEACE AND THE ENGLISH LOCAL PEACE MAGISTRACY." By George E. Howard, Professor of History in the University of Nebraska.

"PRACTICAL SANITARY AND ECONOMIC COOKING, ADAPTED TO PERSONS OF MODERATE AND SMALL MEANS." By Mrs. Mary Hinman Abel (The Lomb prize essay). Published by the American Public Health Association.



Magazine of Western History

Wm E. Mason